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WEST POINT IN THE EARLY SIXTIES

WITH INCIDENTS OF THE WAR

BY

JOSEPH PEARSON FARLEY
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TO THE GRADUATES OF THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY

"Dead Upon the Field of Honor"

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INTRODUCTION

THE writer's attention was lately attracted to the photogravure plates of the Military Academy published in annual reports of its superintendent, Col. Albert L. Mills, and to those contained in reports of the Board of Visitors to that institution. This suggested a possibly happy thought, that if he could obtain the privilege of republishing these plates,* together with certain others of a similar kind, the whole might be combined so as to make an acceptable book.

It will be clear to the reader, as he progresses, that no effort has been made to write a history of the Academy and its methods; that while some space has been devoted to the condition of affairs at West Point during the early months of the Civil War, the writer has followed up with a few episodes and reminiscences of that war.

The pages of Boynton's History of West Point and Cullum's Biographical Register of the Graduates of the United States Military Academy have however been turned over, to ascertain what matter contained therein could properly be abridged and presented here in the form of introduction.

* The writer is greatly indebted to Colonel Mills for the use of special plates, and to Pach Bros. of New York, and Stoddard of Glens Falls, as well as to the Detroit Photo. Co., for copyright privileges. The campaigning shown in several plates is a new feature in the course of instruction at the Academy.

As shown by the Journal of the House of Representatives, 3 and 4, Congress, 7, George Washington inquired, as long ago as 1793, "Whether a material feature in the improvement of the system of military defense ought not to be to afford an opportunity for study of those branches of the art which can scarcely ever be attained by practice alone."*

Thomas Jefferson further states: "That when the preparation of this (the above) message was discussed in the Cabinet, the President mentioned a Military Academy as one of the topics which should be introduced, and that he himself raised the objection, that there was no clause in the Constitution which warranted

* "What shall I say of the graduates of West Point?

"The records of the War Department, the tablets in our national cemeteries, and the tributes to the valor and the patriotism of the graduates of West Point found in every American History speak for these men, who, doing everything and claiming little, have led, instructed, and maintained the reputation of our Army for a century."— *General Alexander Stuart Webb.*

"The greatest war of modern times, after four years' conflict, had sifted thoroughly the military talent of the land, the commanders-in-chief of the opposing armies and the commanders of every separate army in the field were graduates of this Academy; that during this war it gave the country twenty Federal army commanders, thirty-six corps and fifty-four division commanders, all of the rank of major-general, in addition to a large number of brigade and regimental commanders; that the chiefs of the active corps of the general staff in Washington who organized the great armies of the war were also West Pointers, and that on the opposing side a very large majority of the officers in chief command, as well as the President of the Confederate States, were all educated at the Academy. This condition of affairs was not the result of an initial advantage of position, but the fruit of experience on the battlefields of a long and terrible struggle."— *Report of the Board of Visitors to the U. S. Military Academy,* 1901.

such an establishment; but nevertheless the above sentence was incorporated in the message and was again the subject of special deliberation."

The reply of Washington was, that he would recommend nothing prohibited by the Constitution, but if it were doubtful, he was so impressed with the necessity of the measure that he would refer it to Congress and let them decide for themselves whether the Constitution authorizes it or not.*

From this it appears that Washington himself entertained doubts respecting the constitutionality of establishing and maintaining a Military Academy in this country, and it is well known that Jefferson was equally opposed to such institution for the same reason, but in the end he gave active support to legislative measures for creating and afterward promoting its efficiency.

By the Act of March 16, 1802, the Military Peace Establishment of the United States Army was fixed.

The Act authorized the President to organize and establish a Corps of Engineers, to consist of five officers and ten cadets, and provided that it should be stationed at West Point, in the State of New York, and should constitute a Military Academy. The Academy, with ten cadets present, was formally opened July 4th, the year of the Act.

Subsequent Acts of Congress, in 1803 and 1808, authorized forty cadets from the artillery, twenty from the light artillery, one hundred from the infantry,

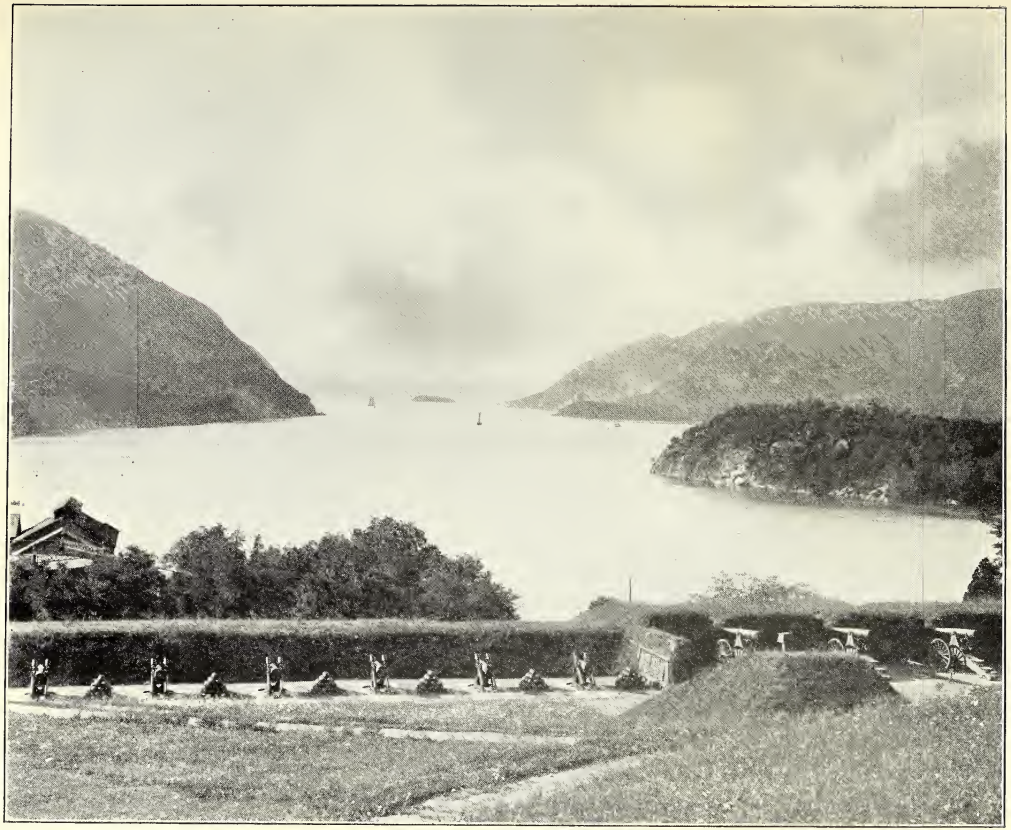
* It has been ascertained that George Washington was the first to propose the creation and maintenance of a Military Academy, and "the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot."

sixteen from the cavalry, and twenty from the riflemen; but few of these were appointed, and no provision at the Academy was made for them. In 1810 the Academy was deprived of nearly all means of instruction, and officers and cadets had difficulty in obtaining their pay. During 1811 and a part of 1812, although war was imminent, the Academy was without officers or cadets. To include this time, seventy-one cadets had been graduated; they had entered without mental or physical examination; at all ages, from 12 to 34, and at any time of the year.

By Act of Congress of April 29, 1812, the Academy was reorganized. The provisions of this Act established the general principles upon which the Military Academy has since been conducted and controlled; a more adequate corps of professors was authorized; a maximum of two hundred and fifty cadets was fixed, and the age and the mental requisites for admission were prescribed.

From the date of its establishment until August 28, 1866, the superintendents of the Military Academy were always selected from the Corps of Engineers, and it was not until Col. Thomas G. Pitcher, Forty-fourth United States Infantry, was assigned, under legislative enactment, to that position in the year 1866, that the original method of selection was abrogated. Col.* Jonathan Williams, head of the Corps of Engineers, the first superintendent, under date March 14, 1808, reported that the institution was in point of fact first established at West Point in the year 1801, under direction of a

* Local rank of Colonel.



WEST POINT FROM SIEGE BATTERY.

private citizen (George Barron), at a time however when it was a mere mathematical school for the few cadets then in service. The Act of 1802 provided that the Corps of Engineers should be stationed at West Point and constitute a Military Academy. The Act of Congress of April 29, 1812, laid the Military Academy on a broader basis. Proceedings in the House of Representatives showed that public sentiment was strongly and almost unanimously in favor of the perpetuity of this method of providing for future military institutions. At this time there was still contention as to the constitutionality of the institution, and motions were made in Congress to abolish the Military Academy, to pay off the cadets, and discharge them from service. As Boynton remarks, "It is the fate of every institution of National importance, which is created and sustained by our Government, to undergo periodical probing and investigation, and in this there was no escape for the Military Academy. Boards of whatever shade or complexion their membership may have been politically, have insensibly lost their predilections or prejudices, which have melted away and have been converted into the strongest approbation in the crucibles of personal inquiry and conscientious judgment. No institution in the land has undergone such an ordeal of investigations from boards and congressional committees, and none seeks closer examination and scrutiny."

During the administration of Col. Jonathan Williams the number of cadets was restricted to fifty — forty from the artillery and ten from the engineers.

Col. Joseph G. Swift succeeded Col. Williams on July 31, 1812, and annual boards of visitors were at this time provided for by law. Under date September 4, 1816, the uniform, worn to this day by the cadets, was prescribed. Whatever of reputation the Academy may possess throughout our country and abroad dates from the advent of Brevet Major Sylvanus Thayer, of the Corps of Engineers, as its superintendent, on July 28, 1817. "This officer held office until relieved on July 1, 1833, a period of sixteen years, and the institution has followed so exactly on the lines marked out for it by this distinguished officer, to the present day, that it requires an intimate knowledge of its inner workings to discover changes incident to a more modern system of instruction." At that time the cadets engaged to serve for a period of eight years, as they do at present — four years as cadets and four years as commissioned officers after graduation. Col. Rene E. De Russy succeeded Colonel Thayer on July 1, 1833, and he again was succeeded by Major Richard Delafield on September 31, 1838. Major Delafield, as Boynton tells us, "Did much to improve the Academy, being endowed with administrative abilities of a high order and an inflexible resolution to maintain discipline. His early efforts were directed toward defining and establishing the boundaries of the public lands at West Point, and removing all unauthorized individuals who had settled thereon." Until very lately,* and under enactment of law, but one cadet was appointed from each congressional district. This law, dated March

* Since the Spanish-American War.

1, 1843, required that the appointee should be a *bona fide* resident of the district from which appointed. The President was at the same time empowered to appoint ten cadets annually *at large*, this to provide for the sons of Army and Navy officers who had no permanent residence or claims for appointment in congressional districts. The restrictions as to appointments at large were not mandatory, but the President usually appointed sons of officers of the Army and Navy, and particularly sons of officers who had been killed in battle or who had died in the service. "Major Delafield was succeeded, April 15, 1845, by Capt. Henry Brewerton, and this officer greatly improved the Academy in many ways. The brilliant success of the American Army in Mexico, untarnished by a single defeat or doubtful action, furnished convincing evidence that the Academy was doing its work well in the training of its officers."

"When the conflicting voices of partisan spirits are hushed, and the rancorous jealousies of envious and malignant disputants are consigned to oblivion, posterity will gaze upon the pile of strange artillery, and still stranger-looking flags, and their mutilated flagstaffs, deposited at the Military Academy in 1849, and read with them these words of the great soldier, Winfield Scott, Commanding General of the Army of the United States, 'I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country

and a peace, without loss of a single battle or skirmish.' " The General further says:

" As under Providence it is mainly to the Military Academy that the United States became indebted for the brilliant achievements and other memorable victories in the same war, I have a lively pleasure in tendering the seven trophies (semi-national) to the mother of so many soldiers and patriots."

In 1852 Capt. and Brvt. Col. Robert E. Lee, who had distinguished himself as aide-de-camp to General Scott in the Mexican War, and who later became the General Commanding the Confederate Armies operating in Virginia, succeeded Captain Brewerton as superintendent, and " under his administration the course of study was changed by order of the Secretary of War to include a period of five instead of four years, and the new riding hall was completed. This greatly increased the opportunities for cavalry exercise and interest in this department."

Colonel Lee was succeeded by Col. J. G. Barnard on April 1, 1855, Lee at the time having been selected by Jefferson Davis, the then Secretary of War, as one of the colonels of the two new cavalry regiments; or rather, Colonel Lee was assigned to the Second Cavalry, this assignment being incident to certain transfers in perfecting the new organizations; and this required that he should leave the Military Academy under the then existing regulations, which made it obligatory that none other than the officers of the engineers should hold this position. Colonel Lee was assigned in Texas to the command of a larger number of troops than had ever before been assembled in the United

MEMORIAL HALL.

States since the Mexican War; and his experience with this command, coupled with his earlier experience in the Mexican War, stood him in good stead when he became the Commanding General of the Confederate Army.

From Cullum's Register of Graduates, Vol. III, the following extracts have been made: "I do not think we claim that West Point can in four years accomplish miracles and utterly remold the character of its pupils, but it has in the past and will make in the future men more useful in the details of life, more reliable and faithful to their trusts, whether private or public, and more national in their attributes and aspirations, than any other system of education hitherto tried; and these results are cheaply attained by our national Military Academy." — *W. T. Sherman.*

"Aside from its value to the graduates of the Military Academy, as containing a condensed and reliable summary of their military and civil history after graduating, it must be a source of just pride to them to see there recorded indisputable evidence of as much loyalty among the alumni of our Alma Mater as can be met with among any other class of American citizens.

"I venture unhesitatingly to say also that no other institution of learning in the country has contributed more to the advancement of science and literature than the Military Academy at West Point." — *G. H. Thomas.*

"It is unfortunately true that many forgot the flag under which they were educated, to follow false gods. But who were the leaders of this treason but the hon-

ored and trusted in the land, filling, or who had filled, the highest places in the Government — Senators, Representatives, Members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, Judges of United States courts, and even those who had been elected by the people to fill the highest offices in their gift? Was it then a greater crime for graduates of our national Academy to forsake their country than for the highest officials in every branch of the Government — executive, legislative, and judicial — who, from the seceding States, almost to a man, joined the Rebel standard?"

* * * * * * *

"The statistics show that the West Point part of the Army has been by far the most loyal branch of the public service; that nearly four-fifths* of its graduate officers remained faithful; that one-half of those from the South stood firm by the Stars and Stripes; and in the battles for the Union, that one-fifth of those engaged laid down their lives, more than one-third, and probably one-half, were wounded, and the survivors can point with manly pride to their services here recorded for the preservation of the Nation.

"With these facts stated, the Academy needs no eulogy, and can securely rest her honor on her loyal children, and her efficiency on her turbulent children as well." — *North American Review.*

"Let us take one class as an example. The class of 1841 had fifty-two graduates. Of these, twenty-five are dead. Fourteen were killed in battle and ten died in

* This will be a surprise to some readers.

service. Forty-three — more than four-fifths — were engaged in battles. The first one on the class list was engaged in thirteen important battles; the next in twelve; the fifth, having served at Bull Run and Chancellorsville, died of wounds; the tenth was killed at the battle of Molino del Rey; the eleventh (Lyon) was killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek; the twelfth was killed near Churubusco, Mexico; the thirteenth died at Vera Cruz; the sixteenth was killed at the battle of Stone River; the twenty-second died near Corinth, Miss., in the Army pursuing Beauregard; the twenty-third (Brannan) was engaged in fifteen battles; the twenty-sixth (Reynolds) was killed at Gettysburg; the thirty-third died of wounds received at Molino del Rey; the thirty-eighth died of wounds received at Sharpsburg; the thirty-ninth was killed at Spottsylvania; the forty-eighth was killed at Chepultepec; the fiftieth died of wounds at Mexico; the fifty-second died of wounds at Mexico. This class had sixteen generals, of whom Lyon, Reynolds, Wright, Tower, and Brannan were a part; two were killed in the Rebel service — the Garnetts.

" I have taken this class,* as an example, to show both what services were rendered by the graduates of West Point and what admirable materials for history are here. No man can write history of any value without a most exact reference to events and dates; nor can the history of the United States, in the last sixty years, be written well without consulting very closely the records of West Point." — *A veteran observer.*

* The class of 1841, as well as the classes of 1861, sustained greater losses on the field of battle than those of any other dates.

"The Academy however had only the cold shoulder of the administration which in the meantime had come into power, and its early years were not very prosperous. The result of this policy was, that when the second war with England broke out, there were but sixty-five West Point men in the service. In the course of that war the record of the first two years shows in the Army little but bad generalship, blunders, and defeats. Americans however learn war rapidly in the field, and the last campaigns were more creditable to our arms. In these campaigns West Point men took a conspicuous part. Of those in active service, one-sixth were killed, one-twelfth were wounded, and one-fifth of those who survived received one or more brevets for gallantry and meritorious conduct.

"During the thirty years which followed the close of this war, the officers of the Regular Army were employed in fighting the Indians, a training which, although useful, was yet very incomplete. At the breaking out of the war with Mexico, five hundred graduates of the Academy were in the service, and many others re-entered it from the occupations of civil life. In this war the utility of military education was strikingly proved. In less than a year and a half our small Army in Mexico won thirty battles, took forty thousand prisoners, a thousand cannon, besides an immense amount of small arms and munitions of war, ten fortified places, and the capital of the enemy, and acquired territory for the country which now yields every year a revenue equal to three times the whole cost of the contest. General Scott, himself not a West Point graduate, thus

summed up the lessons of this war: 'I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets, the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, within its first half more defeats than victories falling to our share.'

"These two brilliant campaigns gave an extravagant fame to the Military Academy, which, at the breaking out of the Rebellion, worked to its injury. The people expected impossibilities of it. In General Cullum's words, 'The youthful graduates, who perhaps had never commanded a larger force than a company, or a battalion, were expected at once to lead vast armies of undisciplined troops through unknown morasses and tangled wildernesses to assured victory.' It was inevitable that the popular expectation should be disappointed, and that West Point should thereupon be as extravagantly decried as it had been extravagantly lauded. In this reaction of public feeling, the fact that the Rebel armies were led by West Point men was argued with pertinacity as an additional argument against the usefulness of the Academy.

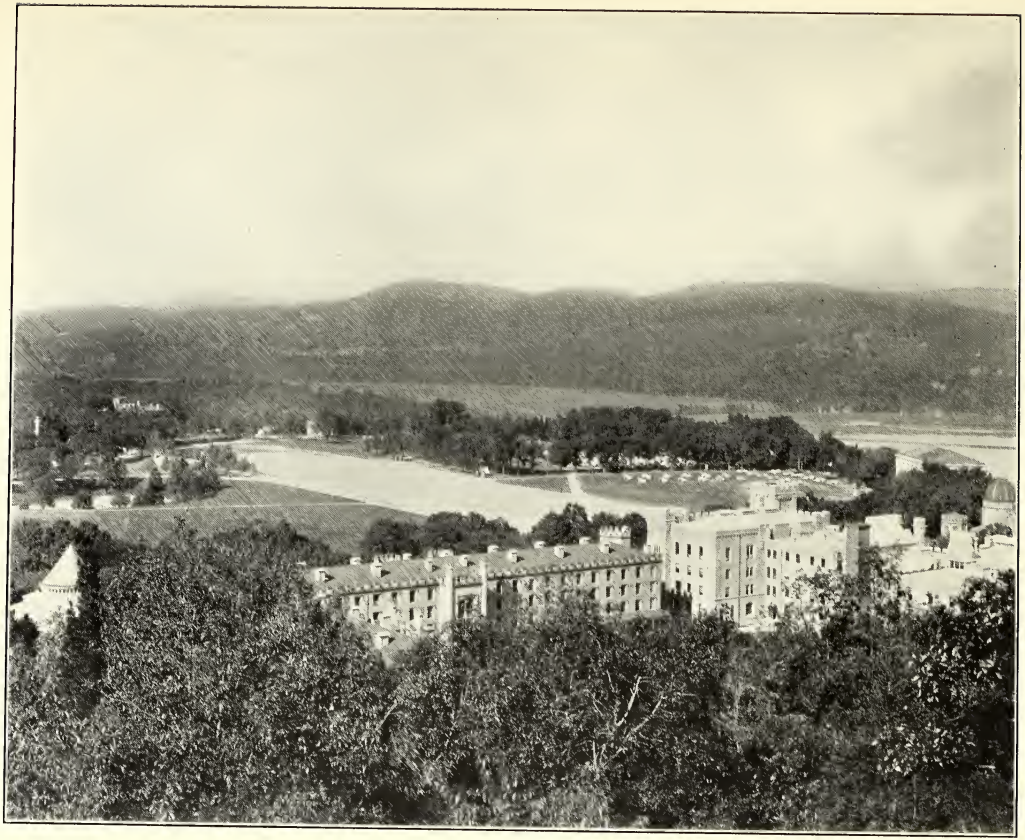
"But as the war went on West Point men steadily replaced the officers appointed from civil life in the higher commands. Men who before had hard experience only in petty war, learned with wonderful facility to practice grand strategy, and successfully conduct campaigns of unparalleled difficulty and importance. Grant and Sherman reached their proper places. The annals of the last years of the war justify General Cullum's boast that the 'cost of educating the whole of the seceding graduates was not more than was saved

by the military knowledge of loyal graduates *on every day of the Rebellion.*'

"The West Point Academy has given the country between two and three thousand educated officers; has procured for our Army a world-wide reputation; and, at the breaking out of the Rebellion, it kept nearly one-half its Southern graduates loyal to their country; yet it has never received, in any single year, an appropriation larger than is required to maintain a squadron of cavalry; and has not cost the country, from 1802 to the present time, a greater sum than was spent in any *single week* of the last years of the Rebellion.

* * * * * * *

"This leads us to speak of the loyalty of West Point graduates. It is a common notion that they were under peculiar obligations to the United States Government. This mistake is well exposed by General Cullum, who argues unanswerably that they were educated by the country for its benefit, and not for their own; and that the event has proved the economy of the Academy, even in dollars and cents. This is clear from a view which the author only hints at. Every cadet is enlisted to serve four years after graduating. In these four years, most of them — all those in staff corps — have responsibilities and perform duties that in commercial life would command pay enough higher than they receive to amply compensate for the cost of their education. It is difficult to see that the crime of a Southern graduate, in rebelling, is any greater than that of any other Government official.



WEST POINT FROM "OLD FORT PUT."

"But are we not assuming a little too much in taking the disloyalty of West Point for granted? One of the saddest experiences of the war was the observation of the deep-seated, firm conviction in the minds of many of the most high-minded, religious Southern men and women, and growing from their first consciousness in the minds of their children, that their cause was a righteous one, and that they were resisting an unholy war of invasion; one of the pleasantest sights in a general view, but without much comfort for our side, immediate or future, was that of the active, cordial sympathy of the Southern women with the men — even more general and efficient than with us. The question was not brought home to us, and it is hard for us to form an idea of the strength and suffering required for a kindly, right-minded man to give up the dearest ties of earth for a point of abstract morality enveloped in a thick cloud of casuistry, and to become a reproach and an outcast in the land of his fathers." — *New York Evening Post.*

The following are the superintendents of the United States Military Academy with the local rank of colonel, following Col. Robert E. Lee: John G. Barnard, one and one-half years; Richard Delafield, four and one-half years; Peter G. T. Beauregard, five days; Richard Delafield, one month; Alexander H. Bowman, three and one-fourth years; Zealous B. Tower, two months; George W. Cullum, two years; Thomas G. Pitcher, five years; Thomas H. Ruger, five years; Brig.-Gen. John M. Schofield, four and one-half years; Brig.-Gen. Oliver O. Howard, one and one-half years; Wesley Merritt,

five years; John G. Parke, two years; John M. Wilson, three and one-half years; Oswald H. Ernst, five and one-half years, and Albert L. Mills.*

No material changes in the post of West Point have taken place until within recent years. Under an Act of Congress of 1900 the Corps of Cadets has been considerably increased by the appointment of two from each State at large and thirty from the United States at large. These, with the increase coming under the new apportionment of members of Congress, make the maximum number five hundred and eleven.

The memorial hall and gymnasium and a new academic building have been completed. The old library and philosophical academy has also been entirely renovated and the whole building converted into a new and modern library. The cadet mess hall has been enlarged by taking in the officers' quarters at its north end and the officers' mess at the south end, and some fourteen or more sets of officers' quarters have been built.

Roads are now being constructed at considerable expenditure of money and labor — one from the south dock to the south gate and guardhouse direct, and another from the Old Kinsley House to the site of the old cadet hospital. On the latter road new officers' quarters are being built to supersede the old sets, which will be torn down as rapidly as this work can be done.

We have said nothing of the professorships, but they of course were created to correspond with the course of study in all the subjects taught at that institution; and these professors, who held prominent positions,

* The years are approximately correct.

and were in most instances appointed from the Army, were assisted by instructors detailed for periods of four years. These instructors were all commissioned officers of the Army and were assigned, upon the application of the professors of the several departments, from the list of those who had distinguished themselves at the Academy, or shown special aptitude in the branch of study for which they were required.

During the Civil War and the Spanish-American War the selections were, from necessity, less restricted, as it was necessary to accommodate the assignments at West Point to conform to the contingencies of service. It is well here to note that in spite of what has been said respecting the large proportion of cadets who resigned and went South at the outbreak of the Civil War, there were two hundred and seventy-eight cadets in the battalion at the time; eighty-six of this number were from the Southern States; sixty-five resigned and joined the Confederate Army, and twenty-one remained loyal and continued their studies in the junior classes at the Academy.

It is the purpose of the present authorities, so the superintendent, Col. A. L. Mills, informs the writer, to demolish the West Point Hotel, and, Congress consenting, to erect a new hotel at a point near the Old Kinsley House on the south toward Buttermilk Falls. The site of the present hotel will be converted into a park and a second trophy point. The present cadet barracks are to be renovated and sinks and bathing facilities provided in the basement. This will relieve the area of the old boiler-house and present sinks. Additional cadet barracks must be constructed and they

will be placed on the line of officers' quarters north from the gymnasium. The second academic building will take the place of the old chapel. A new chapel will be built on the hillside in rear of the gymnasium. There will also be constructed a new and larger riding hall on the site of the present riding hall, stables, and cavalry barracks. New cavalry barracks and stables, also artillery barracks and stables will be built at the south end of the post against the foothills, and the ground to the east converted into a new and enlarged cavalry and artillery drill-ground. The old cavalry drill-ground is to be sodded over and thrown into the plain. An officers' club and mess building is now being constructed south of memorial hall. The Cemetery has been greatly enlarged and the plan for its improvement, which is being carried out, will make it one of the most beautiful and attractive spots at the point. For all of the proposed measures an appropriation of five million dollars has been made.

THE GATE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

They are heard along the Highland passes of the Hudson; they echo around "Redoubt Hill," against the sides of "Old Fort Put" and thence run onward and upward to "Cro' Nest's" rock-ribbed height.

CHAPTER I

"PER ANGUSTA AD AUGUSTA"

OF the boys of our day at the Academy, few, very few, are now living.

The others have answered their final roll call; and when Sherman so earnestly advised that all officers of the Army should see the play "Shenandoah," he little realized how few there were to accept his advice, of those best able to appreciate the play.

The writer's class had certainly an eventful experience, and but five remain to *encore* the play. Our class ring (June, 1861) bore inscribed "PER ANGUSTA AD AUGUSTA," and the design upon it was even more appropriate than the motto.

Cut in sardonyx from black to white, the seal shows an arm with sword in hand, interposed between the guns of a fort and the flag they are firing on.

The bell has rung up the curtain upon "Shenandoah;" the scene of the first act of mimic warfare reveals two comrades — lieutenants in the same regiment, classmates at West Point, always classmates.

The scene is laid in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, and the men are natives of opposing sections in the coming strife — the one from South Carolina, the other from New York State.

The sound of a distant shot startles the audience, separating, as it does, for a time, the young soldiers, and perhaps for a lesser time their sisters.

Here we have the key to the situation; and Sherman knew it right well, when he sent us "Old boys" "to take in the show."

For the few of us living that heard it, this faint and far-off boom of the gun fired against Sumter has yet its reverberations.

They are heard along the highland passes of the Hudson. They echo around "Redoubt Hill," against the sides of "Old Fort Put.," and thence roll onward and upward to "Cro' Nest's" rock-ribbed height.

Word had come from Anderson —Robert Anderson, the hero of the hour — that he had defended Fort Sumter until his quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge walls impaired, the magazine surrounded by flames, and his scanty supplies all but exhausted.

He accepted the terms of evacuation offered by Beauregard prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away his company property, and saluting his flag with fifty guns.

On April 13, 1861, General Beauregard wrote: "Apprised that you desire the privilege of saluting your flag on retiring, I cheerfully concede it, in consideration of the gallantry with which you have defended the place under your charge."

To those of us who were close observers (as cadets ever are) of our officer-instructors at the Academy —

men who in earlier years had led the columns of assault up the Heights of Chapultepec, and drawn sword on the fields of Buena Vista, Molino del Rey, and Palo Alto — evidence of their distress was not wanting in this hour of our country's peril.

The June class of 1861, which reported at the Military Academy in 1857, one hundred and eight strong, musters on the Army list to-day but five. Of the missing through forty years or more, the record is incomplete; of others we here shall speak.

O'Rorke, the leader of the class, and Custer, the last of scholastic file-closers, each killed at the head of his regiment upon the field of battle — the former cut down in early youth at Gettysburg, and the latter massacred, together with seven hundred of his white-horse troopers at Little Big Horn River, Montana.*

"Custer, ever at the head of his regiment," and Custer (without disparagement) "ever at the foot of his class." Of O'Rorke, more anon. But let us for a moment examine into this phenomenal scholastic performance of Cadet Custer, leading the "immortals"

* A horse known as Comanche, the only survivor of the bloody tragedy of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, received kind treatment from every member of the Seventh Cavalry to the end of his life.

The commanding officer of "Company L" was directed by regimental orders to see that "a special and comfortable stall was fitted up for him, and that he should not be ridden by any person whatever, under any circumstances, nor be put to any kind of work."

Upon all occasions of ceremony (of mounted regimental formation), "Comanche," saddled, bridled, and draped in mourning, was led by a mounted trooper of "Company I" and paraded with the regiment.

in a class of one hundred — again of eighty, of sixty, then of fifty, and finally marker of a class graduating with but thirty-four members.

Glorious old boy! Dare-devil of the class! How well did you hang on to the tail end — always ahead of the deficients,— foot of a class of thirty-four and head of a class of seventy-four.

This reminds us of dear "*Old Michie*," himself an honor man, but one who always made light of "class standing." "How is Dennis getting along?" "Very well; very well; *head* in *football*," was the professor's usual reply. "Dennis Mahan Michie," the younger of his two promising sons, both dead in the same year, and nothing left for the father but the deep and heart-felt sympathy of every living graduate of our Alma Mater, of every officer of the United States Army. One more "dead upon the field of honor."

"In athletics Dennis Michie's enthusiasm knew no bounds; he introduced football into the Military and Naval Academies, and trained up an awkward team until it could defeat the team of the sister Academy at Annapolis."

In the period of which we write, so memorable in our country's history, it was presumed that our class would graduate with fifty-six members; but before many months — nay; we may say, weeks — had elapsed (reckoning from the first month of 1861) twenty-two of this number had responded to the call from home: "Prepare to resign! Resign! A commission awaits

you in the Confederate Army. First come, first served."

Ropes, of Massachusetts, an impartial historian, and among the first of military writers, enunciates this principle. We do not quote him literally, but in words to this effect:

Should a Virginian find himself in accord with action taken by the authorities of the State of South Carolina, a State, we shall say, already "out of the Union," he could not enlist with the forces of that seceded State, *his own State being as yet in the Union*, without deservedly being classed a traitor. If, on the other hand, his own State had severed her bond with the Union and he, with others, had been an earnest Unionist, with efforts against secession unavailing, then honor and duty should compel him to cast in his lot with *his own* State.

This same view was maintained by the instructor in law at the Academy, one who himself hailed from the far South. He did not however practice what he preached; since, in spite of all his teachings, he remained throughout the war a loyal man, and was justly awarded the highest honor, that of Chief of his Corps.

But all this is changed now. The oath administered to the cadets, and with great impressiveness, has in it the ring of "*The Union right or wrong.*"*

*"I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and bear true allegiance to the National Government; that I will maintain and defend the sovereignty of the United States, paramount to any and all allegiance, sovereignty, or fealty I may owe to any State, county, or country whatsoever; and that I will at all times obey the legal orders of my superior offi-

Word came to the Military Academy that commissions in the Confederate Army awaited all boys from the South. The writer's roommate and classmate, a cadet from the same State (Louisiana) as the then superintendent, Beauregard,* visited the Major for counsel and advice. This man whom Fate had decreed to receive the sword of Anderson, and the surrender of Sumter, a man destined to become a prominent leader in the Confederate cause, hesitated to advise the young men from the South further than to suggest that so long as he himself remained in the Regular Army of the United States he thought they should all do so.

For many years it was a custom at the Military Academy when cadets severed relations with the institution after failure at an examination, or resigned for proper cause, for the first captain of the Corps, the cadet in charge of the battalion during meal hour in the mess hall, to grant to the departing cadets permission to bring the battalion to attention for parting words.

At this special hour in our country's history, of which we write, the practice had a deeper significance than ever before; we may thus instance one of many similar cases, that of the first sergeant of "A" Company, prospective first captain of the Corps of Cadets. His voice rang out clear and strong: "Battalion, attention! Good-bye, boys! God bless you all!" His citizen's

cers, and the rules and articles governing the armies of the United States."

* Appointed superintendent, January 23, 1861, by Secretary of War Floyd and relieved five days thereafter by Secretary of War Holt.

DADE'S MONUMENT.

attire warned us that he was about to leave the post, and upon permission being granted, the members of his class bore him upon their shoulders to the old south dock, where the final parting scene from this man, our favorite classmate, was one never to be forgotten. This was the first instance of a Southern boy leaving for home — in this case, far away in southern Alabama, to cast in his lot with his State and against the Union.

His classmates retraced their steps from wharf to plain, each one grimly pondering on what remained in store for him.

Experience had taught that the Regular Army, in Mexico, in Florida, or as the vanguard of civilization in the far West, was the fighting element of our land. No thought had at the time been given to the volunteer auxiliary yet to be, and therefore it seemed that the conflict ahead promised to be one of friend against friend, classmate against classmate. Between the men of the several sections of the country there was no bitterness manifest, nothing but expressions of sorrow and disappointment.

There was but one unfortunate exception to this. The field music of the guard, after having passed in review before the officer of the day, struck up the lively air of "Yankee Doodle." The officer of the guard, a cadet from the extreme southwest who had tendered his resignation, ordered the musicians to cease playing.

This action was most bitterly resented by the men from the North, and, fortunately for all, repudiated at once by the cadets from the South, who were as yet with us in the ranks.

The June class of 1861 had many vicissitudes during its term at the Academy. Entering, as it did, upon a five years' course, inaugurated in 1854, the Secretary of War, in October, 1858, directed a change back to the four years' term. In April, 1859, the same authority again changed the course to five years. This, as those will understand who are familiar with the system at the Military Academy, produced great confusion, constant reversals of decisions, and total disregard of the recommendations of the Academic Board.

Again, upon the outbreak of the Rebellion, the then first class, which had been at the Academy four years and ten months, was graduated about two months before the expected time. This caused another change in the course of studies, the junior class a second time returning from five to a four-year limit, and graduating on the date originally prescribed for the class which had been its immediate senior at the Academy. Thus it was that the course of engineering (civil and military), law, and the science of ordnance and gunnery was for us restricted to exceedingly narrow limits.

At that time there was a decided and well-founded opinion that the course of English study should be enlarged so as to admit of the introduction of such subjects as declamation, composition, military law, moral science, history of philosophy, rhetoric, and that last, though not least, there should be included a course of logic.

The writer met Gen. Samuel Breck, of the Adjutant-General's Department, a short time ago, and learned from him that nothing had ever given him

more satisfaction than the instruction of the two graduating classes of 1861 in the before-mentioned subjects, profitable alike to himself and to the cadets. A singular feature in the course of logic, and one worthy of remark, was the manner in which the class appeared to undergo a sort of *bouleversement*, men high up in the first section in all other ethical subjects passing by transfer to the "immortals."

And now a word for moral science; an amusing incident of the course. Cadet Dimick, having entered the recitation-room with his section and before the arrival of the instructor, proceeded forthwith to use his text-book as a football, shouting as he did so, "The virtues are what we are, the duties are what we do; what we are is more important than what we do. Therefore the virtues are more important than the duties." All this with resultant smashing of a window pane at the moment when the instructor entered. "Mr. Dimick," this officer said, "make it your *duty* to pick up that glass," and when this feat had been successfully performed, "Now, sir," he said, "go to the blackboard and discuss the subject of *virtue*." Unmindful of the distinction between *tactical* and *moral* instructors, the order, "Go to your quarters in arrest, Mr. Dimick," was anticipated, the usual reproof for pranks of this kind.

As indicative of the conditions existing throughout the country at the period of which we write, the class which had been graduated early in May, 1861, when purchasing side arms and revolvers in New York city, excited so much distrust and suspicion that these men,

about to be commissioned as officers of the Regular Army, while en route to Washington City, were arrested at the Philadelphia depot, and marched before a civil magistrate.

Of the succeeding class, but five from the South remained at the Academy to graduate in June. Twenty-two from that section of the country had previously resigned in order to secure commissions in the Confederate Army, and of the graduated members from the South, three later on resigned and joined the Confederacy.

The color sergeant of the Cadet Battalion at the V. M. I., Lexington, Va., "The West Point of the South," answers at roll calls, "Dead on the field of honor,"* for the names of certain absentees. This custom will, it is greatly to be hoped, continue so long as the institution is maintained.

The Confederate Army, engaged at New Market, in the valley of the Shenandoah by Sheridan, had been reinforced by the Virginia Military Institute Battalion

* *Theophile Carot de la Tour d'Auvergne:* The first grenadier of France; died, when serving in the army under Moreau, pierced through the heart by a lance at the siege of Oberhausen. Each soldier contributed one day's pay to purchase a silver urn in which his heart was inclosed. At every roll call the soldier carrying the urn answered, "Mort au champ d'honneur," when the hero's name was called.

A monument was erected to his memory by General Moreau, and a bronze statue stands for his memory in Carhaix, Finisterre. The urn containing his heart was first deposited in the Pantheon, but later was adjudged to the family of Kersaize who claimed it.

of striplings, and, as incident to the condition of the times, far below the usual age. Several of their number were killed in action, and this corps of boy soldiers will for all time treasure the names of their dead as a sacred heritage.

This is a story of West Point, but it is also a story of the young soldiers of our Republic. And we are glad to know that the school, which is the pride of the Virginian, the pride of the South, has been designated "The West Point of the South."

May that school in the far-away Shenandoah Valley go on with its good work; and since the Military Academy proper falls short in supplying the necessary commissioned officers for our Army, West Point looks to the "V. M. I." for assistance. Glad indeed are we all to find a large representation of graduates of this our sister Academy* among the commissioned officers of the Regular Army.

* The wounds left by the great Civil War, incomparably the greatest war of modern times, have healed; and its memories are now priceless heritages of honor alike to the North and to the South. The devotion, the self-sacrifice, the steadfast resolution and lofty daring, the high devotion to the right as each man saw it, whether Northerner or Southerner — all these qualities of the men and women of the early sixties now shine luminous and brilliant before our eyes, while the mists of anger and hatred that once dimmed them have passed away forever.

All of us, North and South, can glory alike in the valor of the men who wore the blue and of the men who wore the gray. Those were iron times, and only iron men could fight to its terrible finish the giant struggle between the hosts of Grant and Lee. To us of the present day, and to our children and children's children, the valiant deeds, the high endeavor and abnegation of self shown in that struggle by those who took part therein will remain for ever-

In the course of this writing reference has been made to O'Rorke and Custer, but the names of others who were graduated from the Academy in the early months of that eventful year in which began our civil strife dignify the pages of history. Cross at Franklin, Kingsbury at Antietam, Kirby at Chancellorsville, Hazlett at Gettysburg, McQuesten at Opequan, Dutton at Bermuda Hundred, Cushing at Gettysburg, Woodruff at Gettysburg, Dimick at Chancellorsville, Brightly in the Wilderness. "Dead (all) on the field of honor."

Cushing at Gettysburg! What shall we say of him? First, a brother of Cushing, of the Navy — Cushing, of Albemarle fame. Thrice wounded, and mortally so, before he would relinquish command of his battery.

Of this gallant artillerist let his lieutenant (now Major Frederick Füger) speak:

"When the enemy was within four hundred yards Battery 'A' fired with single charges of canister. At that time Cushing was wounded in the right shoulder, and within a few seconds afterward he was wounded in the lower part of the abdomen, a very severe and painful wound. After this he became very ill and suffered frightfully. In answer to protestations that he should leave the field, 'No,' he said 'I stay here, fight

more to mark the level to which we in our turn must rise whenever the hour of the Nation's need may come.— *President Roosevelt.*

* * * * * * * * *

If ever the need comes in the future the past has made abundantly evident the fact that from this time on Northerner and Southerner will in war know only the general desire to strive how each can do the more effective service for the flag of our common country.— *President Roosevelt, Charleston, S. C., April* 9, 1902.

it out, or die in the attempt.' When the enemy was within two hundred yards double and treble charges of canister were used. These charges opened immense gaps in the Confederate ranks as wide as a company front. Lieutenant Milne, who commanded the right half of the battery, was killed when the enemy had closed to within two hundred yards, and when within one hundred yards Lieutenant Cushing was shot through the mouth and instantly killed."

The cyclorama of Gettysburg, on exhibit for years in this country, recalls the scene, and has immortalized "The Hero of Gettysburg," the artist having done well when he gave to Cushing's battery "the right of the line," "the post of honor."

As our thoughts dwell upon these heroes of the Civil War whose names are graven upon the battle monument, let us see what has been done in at least one instance to commemorate the heroes of Indian Wars. Until late years a cenotaph of white Italian marble, bearing a fluted column upon a square base, the latter encircled with stars and supported at the four corners with marble cannon, stood upon a plateau on the river's bank near Fort Knox. At this time it stands in front of, and not far removed from, Memorial Hall. "Its column is surmounted by an eagle, from whose beak a wreath of laurel depends and entwines the column.

The single inscription,

"Dade
and his Command"

with names and date, convey but little idea of the mournful event which this emblem commemorates."

The official report of the massacre of Dade's command shows that: "As the Seminole Indians in Florida were reluctant to the proposed emigration west of the Mississippi River, in February, 1835, four companies of artillery were sent from Fort Monroe to Florida. 'C' of the First Artillery, to be later mentioned in this recital, was included in this command. General Clinch had with him at Fort Drade, in November of the same year, six hundred Florida militia, and the four companies of artillery.

"Osceola, the Seminole Chief, and his followers gave much trouble at this time, and brutally murdered a mail carrier, which induced General Clinch to ask for more troops. Frazer's company of the Third and Gardner's of the Second Artillery, under Major Dade, of the Fourth Infantry, arrived on December 23d at Tampa, Florida, in answer to the call for more troops, and started on a march of one hundred miles to join General Clinch at Fort Drade via Fort King. The command, consisting of one hundred and seventeen officers and men, was attacked at the Withlacooche River, on December 28th at 9:30 A. M., by eight hundred Indians and one hundred negroes, and after a desperate engagement of five hours, the entire command was massacred save three men, who were wounded, two of whom effected their escape. On the 29th of December, General Clinch, who was ignorant of the Dade massacre, started from Fort Drade with two regiments of Florida militia and his four companies of artillery and one company of the Fourth Infantry for the Withlacooche River. In crossing the river on December 31st, he was attacked

FLIRTATION WALK — "THE DANGER POINT."

by the same band that had massacred Dade and his command, and was outnumbered three to one. The regular battalion sustained the brunt of the attack and lost four killed and fifty-two wounded.

"As the term of service of the volunteers had nearly expired, General Clinch determined to return to Fort Drade on January 2d, and then it was that he learned of the fate that had befallen Major Dade's command.

"The two officers last to fall in Dade's command were Captain Gardner and Lieutenant Basinger. Captain Gardner received five shots before he fell. Lieutenant Basinger then said, 'Now, my boys, let us do the best we can; I am the only officer left;' and the firing recommenced. About half-past 2 o'clock he was brought down by a rifle shot in the thigh, and he was afterward cruelly murdered by a negro."

The Dade monument is the only one at the Point erected to the memory of the heroes of Indian Wars.

There is no monument to the memory of the heroes of the Mexican War. The battle monument which stands at Trophy Point bears the names of all officers of the Regular Army, whether graduates of West Point or not, and also the names of all enlisted men of the Regular Army who were killed in battle during the Civil War. The contribution to the fund for this latter monument was restricted to the officers and soldiers of our service, the contributions being graded according to rank.

From Dade's monument the walk continues down to Kosciusko's spring and garden, and thence around the

path, at the base of "Battery Knox," which leads to "Flirtation Walk," and here let us pause, as others always do; 'tis *a point of danger.*

"Peter,"* do you not recall a certain "rapid transit" over the precipice at this point to the frozen river below, and the perilous landing, of at least one of us, in the treetop at the rocky base? Who would have believed that we (the writer and yourself) should be alive to-day to tell the tale; and do you think, "Peter," that we have been preserved for any *worse* fate?

You also remember, do you not, "Peter," that broken chain — the chain that guards the area — and how one of the very same precipitate high-flyers went down, back somersault, and smashed his pasteboard hat quite flat, with attendant and most serious consequences?

Do you know, Peter, that thirty years after that hat-smashing catastrophe the writer visited West Point in company with a friend, and pointed out to him the spot in front of the tower-room where the chain gave way? "One link of that chain was gone, and *wire* replaced the *missing link.*"

"Peter" can better vouch for these recitals than can, we think, Fitzhugh Lee, for the story of *his* acrobatic feat. It is said that, heading his runaway horse for "Constitution Hollow," both horse and man landed, top-side up, at its bottom. "Fitz," the first on his legs (always "landing on his feet"), thus addressed

* "Peter" is not a mythical personage; he is a distinguished officer of the Engineer Corps (one of *the* five), Col. Peter C. Hains.

himself to the crestfallen animal: "Now, d—n you, I hope you've had enough."

The mare was the Xantippe of the stables, and "Fitz" had purposely headed her for the hollow "to settle a score" with the old lady.

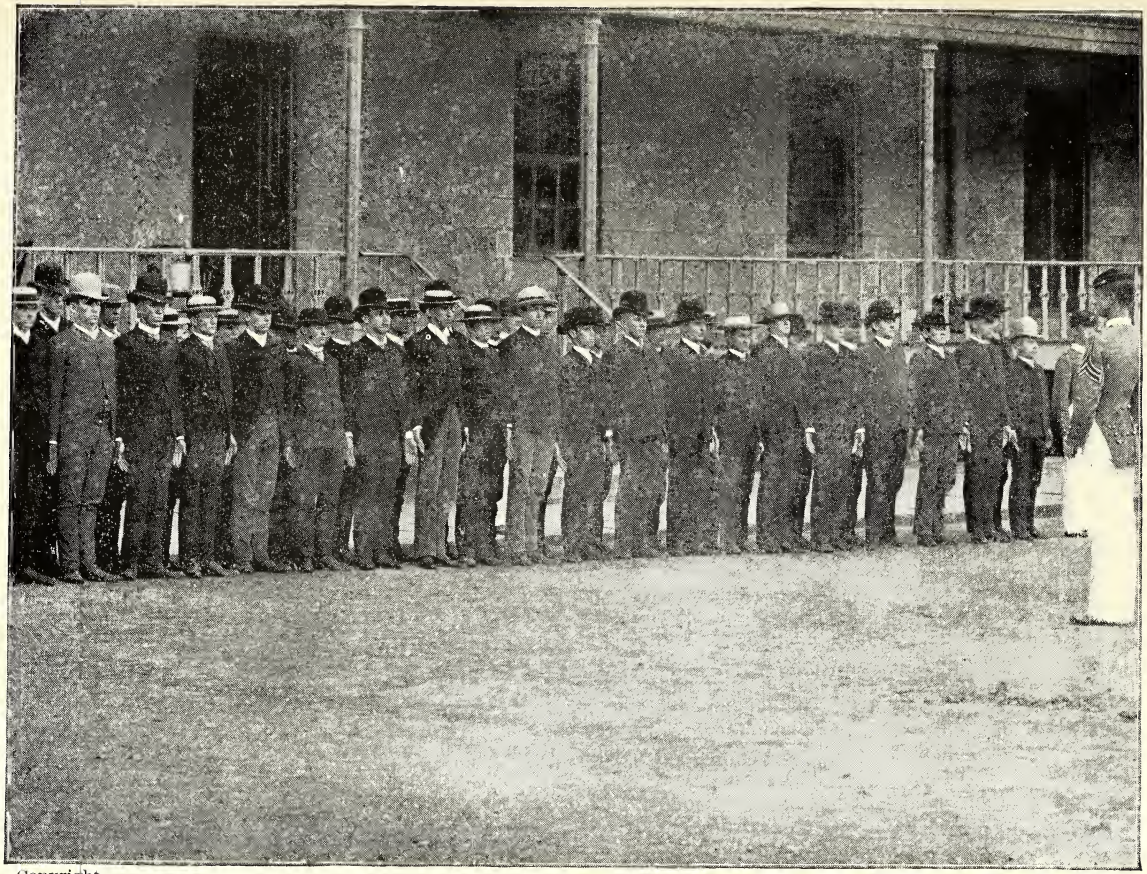
This story follows on the lines of another, where the feat performed was that of horse and man plunging over the most precipitous bank on the Old South Road. The horse, in this case, cushioned the blow and his cadet rider lived to tell the tale.

General Lee himself gives us this, and vouches for its truth: "I remember, in my first class year at West Point, riding a very vicious horse named Quaker, who was so wild that his name was not put in the list of horses to be drawn for by the first class men, and I remember that he ran away with me in a charge on the plain and jumped over the very high hedge which surrounds the hotel, alighting inside the grounds. I have been informed since that no horse at West Point has ever *cleared* that hedge."

While we are on the lookout for true stories relating to this distinguished soldier, let us see what Maj.-Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A., has to say* of his meeting General Fitz Lee, at the McLean House, Appomatox County, Va., in April, 1865: "Going to the door, I found Gen. Fitz Lee seated on his horse and looking, as I thought, somewhat uneasy. He had been a cadet under me at West Point, and I had not seen him for years. As I looked at him, a vision of the past came

* Century for May, 1902.

up before me, and I could think only of a little rollicking fellow dressed in cadet gray, whose jolly songs and gay spirits were the life of his class. My salutation of 'Hello, Fitz! Get off and come in,' seemed to put him at his ease at once, and brought him to his feet. He came into the house and told me his story. Before leaving, with a grim humor, he took from his pocket a five-dollar Confederate note, and writing across its face, 'For Mrs. Gibbon, with the compliments of Fitz Lee,' he said, 'Send that to your wife and tell her it's the last cent I have in the world.'"



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CANDIDATES.

CHAPTER II

PLEBES

THERE are those who know and those who do not know that the art of telling the truth is one high and difficult. The number is very great of those who in all sincerity suppose it to consist in statement of fact — not remembering, the while, that such statement may perfectly well become quite other than truth when time, place and, we may say, quantity are ill chosen or not considered. Few things, also, in the practice of the art, are more satisfactory than the recollection of a wisely-used opportunity to "leave it unsaid;" but in view of the much that is small as well as the much that is great which must be spoken of in order to bring our Alma Mater fairly before the memories of those who know her and the imaginations of those who do not, an opportunity like this, to apologize for apparent trifles, does not seem one that would be best used by leaving the apology unsaid.

West Point jokes, as all should understand, are natives of an exiguous territory — an institution for the education of the young who, in respect of their small share in the advantages of foreign travel, differ not at all from the home-keeping youth alluded to by Valentine of Verona. The world at large is not supplied with

the facts essential to the elucidation of these little attempts and cannot be expected to understand or regard them.

The writer has frequently been asked, "How did you happen to select the military profession, and seek an appointment to the Military Academy?"

In the early fifties all things were primitive in the city of Washington, its population at the time not exceeding eight thousand all told, with but one constable, at "The West End," but this one the terror of the boys.

There were two principal hand fire-engines, the "Union" and the "Franklin," in this section of the city; and the boys of eight years and upward "ran with the engine;" the "Gumballs" with the "Union," the "Enders" with the "Franklin." Oh, ye mothers! the perils of football of the present day are as naught to the "brickbat contests" of our day.

A skirmish of this kind, in rear of the President's Mansion, resulted in the death of a "Gumball," and this had a determining influence in making at least one more soldier. After following this hero to the grave, the writer remarked to his father, That he should like to be buried in that way — *i. e.*, with a brass band and with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." "Well, in that case, my son," the father replied, "you will have to go to West Point."

This "is easier said than done"* in a vast majority of cases, but through the agency of a family "hobby," a simple cane, one which had been presented to the grand-

* See Chapter, West Point Life.

father of the writer by the father of the President, Franklin Pierce, the boy was safely landed at West Point early in the month of June, 1857. Reporting to the post adjutant, he, with two others, was assigned a room in "D" Company division, cadet barracks, always vacated in those days by the "old cadets" in favor of the newcomers, the "plebes."

We were directed by two *very courteous* young gentlemen to the angle of barracks, and a certain room was pointed out as the one containing our furniture.

The greater portion of the morning was consumed in the transfer of this furniture, and just as we were enjoying a breathing spell, an officer, presumably of the tactical department, entered and reproved us severely, directing us to return and carefully replace every article we had removed from *his* room.

It is thought that, if the officer had in this case adopted the tactics of General Grant during the Civil War, the *real* offenders might have come to grief and the poor plebes have escaped from the undoing of the work they had done. As the story runs, several Northern soldiers were talking together one day just before the advance on Corinth. A tall, raw recruit stepped up to them with a bundle of soiled clothes in his hand.

"Do you know where I could get this washing done?" he asked.

Two of the group were practical jokers. A bright thought flashed into their heads, and, as the sequel shows, unfortunately found expression.

"Oh, yes, we know! Just go up there with your

bundle," pointing to the headquarters of General Grant; "you will see a short, stout man" — describing the General — "who does washing. Take your bundle to him."

The recruit thanked them and walked off in the direction indicated.

He gained entrance to headquarters, and stood in the General's presence.

"What can I do for you?" said General Grant.

"I was directed here by a couple of soldiers. They told me that you did washing, and I have a bundle here."

General Grant probably enjoyed the situation, but his imperturbable face did not relax. He simply asked the question: "Could you identify those men again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you shall have the chance."

Turning to an orderly, he directed him to call a guard, go with the recruit to where the jokers were standing ready to enjoy his discomfiture, and let him identify them.

"Take the men to the guardhouse, give them this man's bundle of clothing, and make them wash it thoroughly. See that the work is well done."

The General was obeyed to the letter.*

To add to the complexity of things for that day, just after "call to quarters" in the evening, the sentinel tapped on our door and called out "All right?" The reply not being satisfactory to him, he opened the door

* Canadian Chronicle.

and inquired if any one had answered "All right?" "I did, sir." "Who is room orderly?" "He is, sir." "Why did he not answer?" "Because I did, sir." "Why did you answer?" "I don't know, sir." "Why do you not know?" "I forgot, sir." "Well, young man, don't ever forget again." "Now," said the sentinel, "I inquire, is it all right in this room?" "All right, sir," responded the room orderly. "What is all right?" "Everything is all right, sir." "Is everything all right?" "Yes, sir." "Is that basin all right?" "No, sir." "Is that pillow all right?" "No, sir." "Is that candle-box all right?" "No, sir." "Do you not know, young man," the sentinel said, "that the rules and articles of war require that you should be tried by court-martial and dismissed the service for trifling with a sentinel on post in this manner? In time of war the sentence would be death."

We have been asked if this "rubbing-it-in" on the plebes is usual at the Military Academy; and the party of inquiring mind remarks that, if so, it must have an amazingly good effect. We are confirmed by his observation in an idea previously entertained that *the chronicling of such episodes, "small beer" though they be,* is as well calculated as anything can be, to give a true idea of inside life at West Point.

On the day that the Corps of Cadets marched into camp, the adjutant brought the battalion to attention in the mess hall at the supper hour and directed the first class to call at the quartermaster's tent at 7 o'clock to receive its allowance of stationery, and the new cadets to call at 7:30 P. M. for their allowance.

We had been well supplied with brooms, dustpans, washbasins, buckets, blankets, etc., but charges for these articles were always entered upon our passbooks. This time, and for the first time, something was to be had for nothing — *an allowance.*

All of us were on hand at the appointed hour, and besieged the quartermaster's tent in force.

There was evidently something "in the wind" which the "plebes" neither understood nor appreciated; the sentinels shouting vociferously "Corporal of the Guard, No. 6; Corporal of the Guard, No. 7; Corporal of the Guard, No. 8." The reason for this became manifest so soon as the sergeant of the guard appeared upon the ground accompanied by his patrol. "New cadets fall in!" was the command, and away we were marched as prisoners of war, *but without our allowance of stationery.*

As this was "the first night in camp," many of us had been treated to the toboggan process and later on in the stillness of the midnight hour a tent here and there might be seen to sink slowly to the ground, the canvas walls enshrouding its occupants, who, like phantoms in white and pink, crawled out from under, as does the early worm.

A very unusual circumstance occurred some days after "the first day of the plebes on guard."

It was seen from the sentry posts, that the cadet battalion, in returning from breakfast at the mess hall, was halted on the cavalry plain and countermarched. The manœuvre was not understood, but later it appeared that this was done to bring the rear rank of the several companies into the front rank, and *vice versa.*

The first captain, head of his class, and one of the ablest scholars at the Academy, was nevertheless a most unpopular man. He had given an order to certain "first class privates" to stop swinging arms, and as the order was not obeyed, he countermarched the battalion to throw these "high privates" in the rear rank.

As soon as the companies wheeled into line in the camp ground at the point where the battalion broke ranks, three cadets rushed at the first captain with swords snatched from the hands of first class officers, and simultaneously attacked him, the captain defending himself but retreating as he did so to the guard tents, and calling "Turn out the guard; turn out the guard." As the captain was a skillful swordsman, he parried the thrusts of his antagonists and held them off until the commandant of cadets rushed in and quelled the disturbance.

No such mutiny as this had ever before, or has ever since, occurred at the Military Academy. The men engaged in the assault were, of course, dismissed by sentence of court-martial; but, under the then existing state of affairs, were soon after reinstated.

The plebe sentinels were so demoralized that they failed to "*Turn out the guard*," as they should have done. The writer being of this number was promised trial by the court-martial convened to try the principal offenders, but, fortunately for the plebes, this threat was but a joke (something to laugh at when we were well "out of the woods").

Men in authority have said that "hazing cannot be

effectually stamped out so long as human nature remains as it is." It is clear however that the present superintendent has accomplished more than any of his predecessors in this matter, since the people of the country have been in entire accord with him, and more than all, he has been fully sustained by those high in authority.

Statutory provisions have in past years been enacted to check the practice of hazing at the Academy at Annapolis; but of this Park Benjamin, a graduate of that institution, and now a well-known writer, says: "It essays to crush butterflies with the steam hammer. It virtually substitutes slaughter for spanking. It is of questionable constitutionality, because it apparently deprives the Executive of his reviewing power, or of his power of pardoning; and for this reason," he goes on to say, "President Cleveland literally evaded it, by refusing to dismiss cadets convicted under it, and restored them to duty after a short confinement."

For those who have been disposed to criticise the administration of the Military Academy at any time, we must say, with "Life," "that its standards are high; that to speak the truth is essential to comfort there; that there is no influence against religion, and that high character is as much appreciated there as at any institution in the country. The question may be asked, will any detraction heaped upon this institution incline prudent parents to keep their sons away? Not a bit!" Congressmen charged with the responsibility of the selection of candidates for the Academy generally prefer at the present day to open wide the door to all

CADET ROOM.

comers under the now quite general system of competitive examination, and presumably, weight should be, if it is not, given by the examining boards to the moral attributes of the youthful aspirants, so that the service in this way may be provided with a gentlemanly class of men — " gentlemen not so much as respects wealth or social pretension, but as regards that undeniable quality of manhood which is the basis of character. The blood in a horse will show itself even though he is hitched to a butcher's cart; and it will reveal itself in a man, however lowly his estate."*

Modification of the rules of testimony at the Academy has effected a radical change of late years, since the cadet can now no longer constitute himself the judge of what question he will or will not answer, as was the case for so many past years.

Nor can men under the rules of military discipline make for themselves regulations which they will or will not obey at pleasure.

Indeed, it has been said that the cadet defense for hazing, or " bracing " more particularly, is that when this is done away with, the military bearing of the cadet cannot be preserved.

The authorities of the Academy, on the other hand, contend that matters of this kind can well be provided for under the military system of the Academy, and for this reason "they have abolished the class organizations which as an *imperium in imperio* tended to pervert that unity of organization and that directness of responsibility which are essential to the very idea of military gov-

* Editor of the Army and Navy Journal.

ernment." Even the older graduates of the Academy are brought into line, at this hour, and agree that the system can no longer be tolerated, though many practical jokes were in past years enjoyed by the victims, quite as much as by the perpetrators. In fact some have gone so far as to advocate a well-ordered system of "hazing." By way of illustration let these remarks be applied to guard duty or the sentinel as viewed from a humorous as well as serious standpoint. The sentinel of course always takes himself seriously, and is rarely, if ever, in a joking mood. Probably for this reason more than any other, from the very perversity of human nature he is deviled — just as we devil the crab, because it is *our* fun and not the crab's.

On what line then should we (all of us, not even excepting the investigators and lawmakers themselves) expect the "hazing" of plebes at the Government academies to run, if not on the line of the sentinel's post. All of us, of course, respect the flag, the Nation's ensign. Then, why not the sentinel, the Nation's ward? And yet that we do not, cannot be denied.

It is all one, whether that sentinel clad in the uniform of the United States Army was shot down at the gate of deserted Moultrie or whether the ensign halyard was shot away from the staff at Sumter. In either case the insult was to the Nation itself, and in either event the word comes back and with no uncertain sound, "Hands off!"

Why should the sentinel at the "sally port" stop a free and independent citizen and inquire his business? "What business has he with my business?" says the

citizen? "What's he here for anyhow? If he wants fighting why doesn't he go to the Philippines and get it? Here everything is peace and quiet — what's the use of a soldier anyhow if he isn't where there's fighting?"

Yes, this is the usual remark. But what is the real essence of this matter? Does not the civilian know he has no right whatever within the gate of a military post? He has parted with his right for a consideration — that, namely, of being protected in the enjoyment of his property by the military. In one instance it appeared that the property in question was a number of golf shoes and the sentinel's business to see that no member of the club slipped away with two pairs of shoes, one pair on his feet and the other in his pocket, leaving a rival to go over the course in his stocking feet.*

All are not however ignorant of the uses and advantages of a sentinel. Even a verdant youth of but eight summers sometimes knows better than the man of larger experience. We (an officer and a youth) are passing a sentinel's post — down comes the musket with a rattling present; the salute is returned. "Uncle," the little fellow inquires, "doesn't that make you *feel very proud?*"

Numerous stories are told of poor mortals dressed up in soldier clothes and vested for the time being with authority to command kings and potentates should they trespass upon the sentinel's prerogatives, and here is a *true* story.

A son of Erin representing as he did, for *this* occasion, one of the aforesaid class, was serving as a mem-

* The canteen is abolished, but "Golf" still holds sway in the Army.

ber of the guard at an army post and for the first time. To all challenges the answer came promptly: "Friend," or "Friends with the countersign." All went smoothly and according to formula until a young couple happened along, quite unused to being addressed in this summary way. No answer to the challenge. Again, "Who goes there?" Still no answer. "Answer! answer!" yelled the sentinel — "Say something! Say frind or say foe, but for God's sake *say something!*"

But how far away from West Point are we wandering and nothing as yet said relative to the details of the guard system at that post.

In the first place, there is issued each day a small triangular form of note, the "countersign" and "parole" for the night; usually the name of some battle as countersign conjoined with that of some hero of the day, as parole. The story as we have it comes down in regular sequence of years and shows how the ladies sometime possess themselves of family secrets. Lieutenant Washington, a tactical officer serving at the Academy, "fair, fat, and forty-five," met a party of young ladies "on the old north stoop," who requested the Lieutenant to inform them concerning the "countersign" and "parole." A messenger was dispatched to camp grounds with a note for the officer of the guard, but he was intercepted and the note did not reach its destination; however, the usual form of reply was prepared and dispatched to Lieutenant Washington and passed, unread by him, to the young ladies who in silence but smilingly read — Countersign, "Fatted;" parole, "Calf."

Let us further consider the subject of guard duty as practiced at the Military Academy. "Boning* standing;" "Boning demerit;" "Boning corporalcy" should be understood if they are not, but "boning colors" requires eludication. The guard as "marched on" during the summer encampment consists of three reliefs of eight men each, two hours on, and four hours off, for each relief. The regular posts at the time of which we write were eight in number, with a color line consisting of stacked muskets and the colors of the battalion; this line being preserved from morning parade until near the time for evening parade, guarded by extra sentinels, three in number, posted alternately.

These privileged members of the guard had "boned colors," and their efforts were successful. Each day the three of the twenty-seven members of the privates of the guard were selected by the adjutant, for neat appearance and military bearing, after being subjected to a crucial test. Failing to determine the three meriting selection on appearances, some six or more would be ordered to "*fall out*," by the adjutant, and be put through a severe ordeal in the manual of arms, wrong commands being purposely given at intervals. The impulse to do *something* at word of command was often almost irresistible, and men trembling with excitment in their efforts to attain the honor or privilege sought for on the color guard would move, or by some slight motion start to execute that which was not prescribed in tactics. The three men selected for the color guard were simply required to walk post two or

* Striving for, or endeavoring to escape from a thing.

three hours, and after that, were treated as on general permit, were excused from all duty, and allowed to range about the post as they pleased.

Following the posting of the regular sentinels, orders and instructions of a purposely complicated character were given. How to receive "Grand Rounds;" how to receive a body of cavalry if friends, and how to receive them if enemies; which latter method consisted in fleeing from one's post, firing one's piece and calling out in retreat: "Turn out the guard! turn out the guard! body of the enemy's cavalry!" If one were a plebe and a steamboat arrived on his post, in like manner and in all seriousness the officers of the guard gave instructions as to how it should be received. If at night, the pilot would be required "to dismount from the pilot-house and advance with the countersign." If at some other hour a different method of receiving the craft was prescribed.

Now all this may seem superfluous, but as the great General Winfield Scott said before election (and it killed him politically): "Everything is done with a view to soup" ("A hasty plate of soup" is the way the Democrats had it); and these stories are told for a specific purpose, that of demonstrating that there is more business for the sentinel, more especially for the *plebe* sentinel, than the casual observer might suppose, and none of a plebe class can say, with any degree of truth after a summer camp spent in the manner described, that he has not seen active service.

If those of a very practical turn of mind should ask, How can a steamboat traverse a sentry post? the query

can be answered in a few words. It is only a theoretical steamboat, a theoretical body of the enemy's cavalry, represented at one time, by a new-fledged "yearling" just out of plebedom and at another by a dignified cadet officer who desires to see if the sentinel can keep his wits about him and remember his orders. Remember his orders! No sentinel in time of war, on the very picket line itself, has such a stack of orders to remember and none are ever advanced upon by such scarecrows and hobgoblins as are the (excuse us!), as *were* the plebe sentinels of our day. If gentlemen who take up arms for a brief period, in the service of their country, were put through a course of West Point guard duty for a single night, or better still, for a single week, when the "Grand Rounds" approaches, the order of things would never be reversed; in other words, the sentinel would not fire his piece first and challenge afterward; as many well remember was the case with "the three months men" of the early sixties, when officers "took their lives in their hands" in making the "Grand Rounds."

In fact, the following story might have been lost to the reader had it not been for certain omissions in our military system:

The late Hon. William D. Kelly, from Pennsylvania, a member of the Board of Visitors of late years, related *his* experience in the line of sentinel duty.

His story was told at one of the West Point alumni banquets. He "was not used to the Military," as he explained, and had been "put on post" at General Reynolds's house near Gettysburg, with orders that if any one asked to see General Reynolds, he was to ascer-

tain his name and business and then send the orderly to tell the General who the party was desiring to see him. Then (the instructions were explicit), if the General told the orderly to return and tell the sentinel that he would see the party, the sentinel could send the party in.

The first man who came along was Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, who asked to see General Reynolds. "Governor Curtin," replied the sentinel (Mr. Kelly, as he tells it), "you cannot see the General unless I send the orderly to tell the General you wish to see him; then if the General tells the orderly to tell me that you can see him, I'll let you in."

"Go ahead," says the Governor, "and send the orderly."

"Orderly," said I (Sentinel Kelly is speaking), "go and tell General Reynolds that Governor Curtin desires to see him."

"I have no orders to receive from a d—n private," replied the orderly.

"Governor Curtin, you cannot see the General," said the sentinel. "Why not?" replied the Governor.

"The orderly won't go."

"But I must see him."

"Well, then, Governor, suppose you try *your* hand on the orderly."

The orderly was sent, and, as Mr. Kelly relates, General Reynolds came to the door, received the Governor, and after a few words they both looked at the sentinel; the General then addressed the officer of the day with this remark, "Take that d—n fool off that post!"

SANDWICH BAG*

Here was a man who did not belong to the Regular Army. He was simply a member of the Pennsylvania reserves, called out to repel invaders of his State; had been in the service but one week, and yet, as he said, he saw more active service in that one tour of guard duty than in all the rest of his service put together.

A Russian soldier posted by the Neva side at the season of the annual river rising was rescued just in time — the icy water was up to his armpits.

It is not doubted that such incidents were common. There was in all probability no little boy Casabianca. But what does it matter. The number of souls that the story has fired shows that it is a true thing, fact or no.

One more recital and the poor sentinel may then be allowed to walk his post in peace. This can be vouched for. The writer was passing the gate of the National Armory in Springfield, Mass., in a horse car with "no show of the military" about him.

Two occupants of the car were engaged in earnest conversation condemnatory of the introduction of soldiers at that place. "Look there!" said one; "see that big fellow coming down the hill with another one bringing him along; watch and you will see him leave him and take another one away, and this thing is going on all the time — every few hours. Now I want ter know what's the use on it? Why can't those fellers cum by th'rsel's and go back by th'rsel's and save money and time in the business — that's what I wanter know?" These intelligent (?) citizens of the United States, it is apprehended, had assisted in enacting the law which required that the sentinel should be "*duly posted*" (and in the very manner objected to), so that he might be

empowered to enforce the law. From which it appears that some persons may live a whole lifetime without comprehending the use of a sentinel; whereas, some other one, like the youth of eight summers or the honorable member from Pennsylvania, may find a solution for this question at the very threshold of his military career.

In late readings upon military subjects the views and opinions of military men, based upon what may be called modern contests, are so much at variance with the ordinary or customary teachings* that they forcibly recall an interview had with a sentinel at one of our military posts just after the Civil War. The sentinel was an Italian; he had been several times wounded, and was maimed, but not to any extent disqualified for duty.

"I have been," he said, "five years in the Army, '*Ma lavori militari no ho mai veduto.*'"

He had taken part in the great historical crisis of the age. He had seen victory and defeat, battle and sudden death, but *lavoro militare* forsooth he had never seen.

How many there are who have waded through the pages of history; have studied great campaigns, and have discussed the comparative merits of military leaders, and military systems, and yet have never seen it, never known it, or never understood it — *lavoro militare.*

* "The Germans," says Sir Charles Dilke in an article on the Armies of the Powers in the April number of "Munsey's Magazine," "are not a martial people. But their perfect *study and practice of things military* make them probably the most formidable fighting power of the world."

Presumably what this man meant, was that he had been in battle, but it was not *done right.*

The rules were not followed. Europe was not taken as a model. There was victory but not victory brought about by faithfulness to precedent. There was defeat, but the performance was irregular. He had been wounded many times, it is true, but wounds have no business to be inflicted in such a way. I grant you, he seemed to say, a terrific struggle and results which guide the course of history. But the whole thing was a mere scramble. It was not military.

The man had eyes and saw not — ears and heard not. "*Multum reluctans*" he was struggling not to be dragged out of the dark ages into the light of the nineteenth century.

A man like that cannot take it in that a set of men of one temper is to be treated in one way, and another set of another temper quite differently.

Take two stories, neither of which is likely to be fact, but none the less on that account true.

The Czar Nicholas I was stopped by a sentinel on post and made to wait until the corporal of the guard came. The sentinel next morning was sent for to the palace, rewarded, and promoted. He had obeyed orders.

The King of Prussia, Frederic William II, was stopped by a sentinel on post and made to wait until the corporal of the guard came. The sentinel next morning was sent for to the palace, reprimanded, and punished. A Prussian soldier must know his King by sight.

The Russian soldier is a stolid peasant, a mere mass of matter, that has not two consecutive ideas. It is as much as ever if he can understand the literal meaning of an order and all he can do to obey it. If once motion be initiated, if he conceive the idea of unpunished disobedience in the slightest degree, the string will break, the beads be scattered all over the place, the whole army system be disintegrated.

The Prussian soldier was, fifty years ago, and is now to a much more marked extent taken from a class of a wholly different temper. He is held responsible for mind and the use of it.

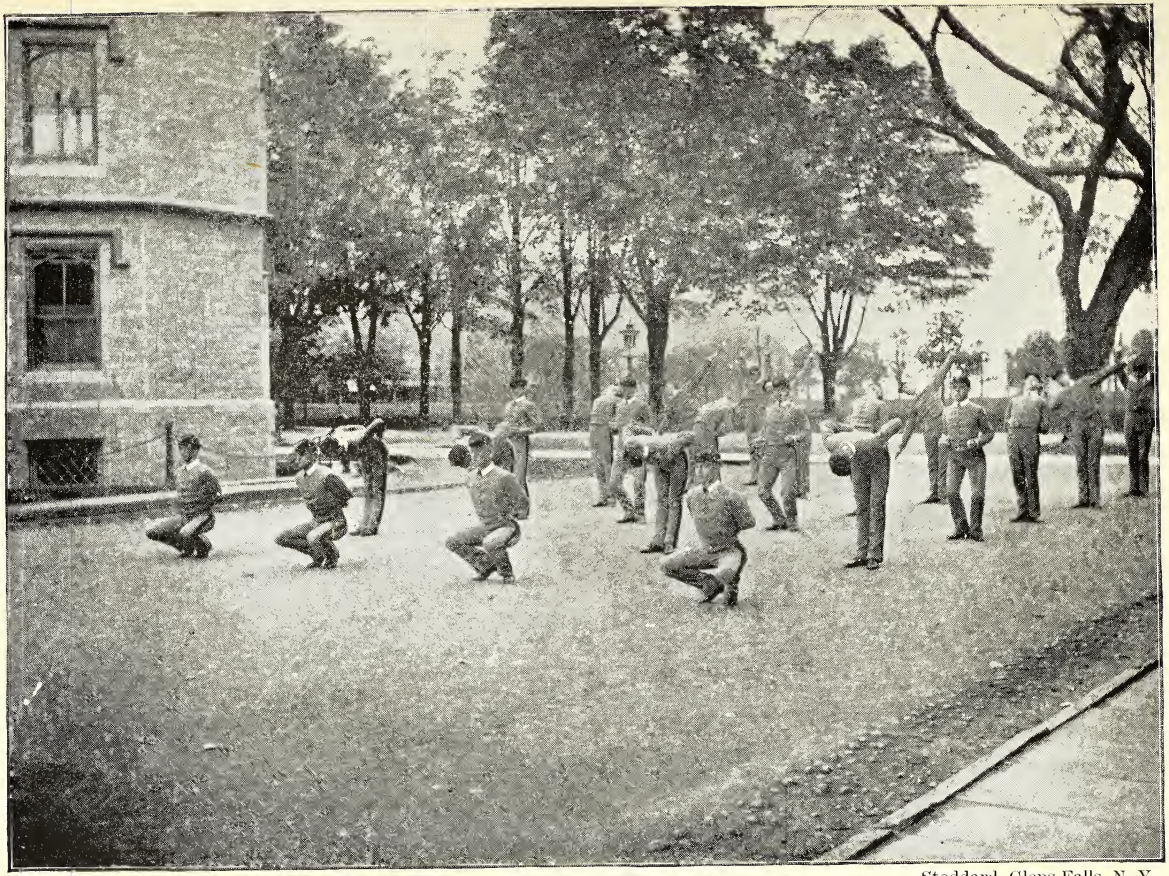
Now, when all this has been set before the Italian private's mind, the next thing is to have him understand (not so very difficult) and acknowledge (a different thing altogether) that the way in which the Slav was treated was quite right and the course pursued with the Teuton by no means wrong.

When one reports to a sentinel "duly posted" according to law and regulations, he reports to Congress.

The sentinel is the Senate and Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, not a callow cadet or a feather-brained recruit.

The soldier must, if he mean to keep his oath, take his life in his hand, as well in his sentry box and on his post as in the powder smoke and under the feet of the trooper's horse.

That story of the Roman sentry at the gate of Pompeii may not be as much a fact as a true thing, and another true thing is this: the sentinel, be he plebe, old cadet, Congressman, or even the President himself, will always be bedeviled.



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"SETTING-UP" DRILL.

CHAPTER III

"LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME"

PROF. E. S. HOLDEN, a graduate of the United States Military Academy, in his article in the October* number of the "Cosmopolitan," invites attention to subjects which, at this time, should be of interest to the general public. There are two schools which are, he tells us, "based upon the methods of nature;" the one at West Point and the other at Annapolis. We may not quote him literally, but in words to this effect:

After thousands upon thousands of experiences, a child comes to recognize that the forces of nature are not, as at first supposed, capricious and unjust — not capricious, whatever else they may be, but uniform, consistent, inexorable, and immediate.

Where, if not at the United States Military Academy, the Professor inquires, shall we find a system in which the rewards and punishments are the certain and immediate sequence of the act?

Here, at this institution, are appointed annually from every congressional district in the country, candidates who are entirely representative in character, of good health, and familiar with the ordinary studies of the grammar school; youths between the ages of 17 and 22, who represent every class in society from rich to

* 1900.

poor. Side by side stand the lads who have had the most delicate moral nurture, or none at all; who are models of truthfulness, or already contrivers of escape from duty and obligations. Every inequality of society is represented in an entering class of cadets. It is necessary to insist upon this point in order to appreciate the results of four years of training.

In a few days after entrance, external inequalities vanish as if by magic. Duties, privileges, dress, rooms, food, all are alike; no one is permitted to have money, or at least to spend it. In a week every sign of external inequality has disappeared. Personal inequalities, of course, there are and necessarily must be.

There is absolutely no favoritism by the instructors. The very corner-stone of the most effective education is the marking system, the immediate consequence of an academic performance, wherein absolute and complete justice is attained. The marks are posted, and each cadet knows what his performance is worth. Frequent recitations, due to a larger proportion of instructors to students than at any other institute, afford an opportunity to thoroughly test each cadet daily, and no failing can possibly be hidden. The effect on the character of the student is immediate and admirable.

Here there can be no shirking of duty, and every shortcoming in the course of the day is sure to bring its corresponding penalty. There is no moment when the cadet does not fully understand that his performance of duty now will influence his whole official career hereafter. This is fully recognized, and its perfect jus-

tice admitted by all. The consequences following actions are certain. Each student is trained in the heathen virtues of fortitude and justice. It is at once his duty and his advantage to be proficient in his academic work.

Now for the system affecting the official character of the cadet — how is his official conduct molded and tested? Again the marking system; the effect following the cause, certain and immediate. 'Late at roll call' carries one demerit; 'absent,' ten; 'slight untidiness in dress,' one; 'inattention,' to duty or at drill, five; and so on.

There are eighteen thousand opportunities during four years, at each one of which the duty of punctuality is emphasized — one demerit each. One hundred demerits in six months insure dismissal. Every one knows this. There is no talking; only simple laws are prescribed, and each one of them is just. The final result is like the result of gravitation — inevitable, inexorable, just, and immediate.

The conditions stimulate official conduct and there is a standard of personal honor kept up among the cadets themselves. A liar or coward is shunned by all his comrades, and a student guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman has his connection with the Army at once cut short.

From what has gone before,* it may be seen that the system presented by Professor Holden, and which is enforced at the Military Academy, possesses advantages that no other can supply. The moral obligation en-

* Introduced in these pages with the consent of the Professor.

tered into, and which transforms the man in a single day or hour, is the oath of office administered, an obligation paramount, immediate, and continuous.

At a conference of the head master of the great English public schools one of the speakers severely arraigned the traditional educational methods the schools were forced to employ in order to pass boys as officers into the service. A military correspondent of "The Pall Mall Gazette," criticising the Sandhurst and Woolwich methods, declares the British authorities admit that West Point is in advance of anything in England. He describes the democratic and severely competitive system in vogue there, saying: "Education at West Point is serious thoroughness rather than an extension of attainments. Its principle is controlling education, together with the knowledge of how to make use of it. Like all exceptionally good education, it is enormously costly, perhaps the most expensive in the world. But in many ways it is said to be by far the best. An exhaustive comparison of West Point with our own military colleges, as educational mediums, is to the disadvantage of our institutions."

It has long been a mooted question whether the class grading of cadets at the time they leave the Academy should be accepted as evidence of ability that shall determine success in after-life. It is certain that at no other institution in the country is "class standing" such an accurate gauge of *scholarly* attainments in the course of study pursued, as at the United States Military and Naval Academies. There are however nu-

merous instances where, if the course of study were more extended in point of time, the ultimate grading of class members would be materially altered.

It is well understood that at all institutions of learning — Government academies and common or high schools excepted — the best scholars and the cleverest men do not "put their best foot foremost" as cadets are compelled to do. In fact, under the marking system at the national institutions, which is the basis of class standing, the grading secured determines for the cadet an assignment to that arm of the service which he may prefer, the chances for preferment being commensurate with his rating under this system.

In this connection an interesting case may be presented;— that of Patrick O'Rorke, who was born in Ireland, his parents both dying on the voyage to this country. Upon the arrival of the ship which brought O'Rorke to our shores, he was taken to an orphan asylum, where, at the age of 12, his intelligence was found to be of such high order that educational advantages commensurate with his ability were offered him, of which he was not slow to avail himself. As long ago, then, as the year 1857, he was appointed a cadet to the Military Academy. The writer had not at any time the good fortune to be his roommate when "in barracks," but became his tentmate during our "second class camp."

This was at the period of a presidential campaign when the father of one of our classmates ("John" ———) was then a candidate for the high office.

A newspaper clipping was forwarded to O'Rorke, in which his merits were applauded, but rather more as a foil or in a spirit of detraction of good "Old John," as we were wont to call him. It was here argued that a boy born of immigrant parents reared in an orphan asylum could attain under the impartial system of the Academy the highest honors of his class, and it was also shown that the son of an influential citizen, a candidate for the highest office in the land, with a backing which should determine for him some degree of favoritism, was so near the foot of his class that he was in imminent danger of being "found deficient" in his studies or else dismissed for demerit at the then next ensuing semi-annual examination. "Pat's" permission to show the clipping to some of the "fellows" was asked, but he instantly tore the paper into small bits, and replied, "That would never do; it would hurt poor John's feelings." As a further illustration of the instincts of this man, he was heard to remark at another time, that when he entered the Military Academy he felt some degree of apprehension lest he should be unequal to the social requirements of an army officer, lacking, as he did, home training and home influence. Accordingly, he said, he had made it his best endeavor, while at the Academy, to note the bearing of men in the class who were better favored by circumstances than he had been. For reasons such as these, "Pat" O'Rorke was beloved not only by members of his own class, but by all others at the institution. He was regarded by officers, as well as by cadets, as

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FENCING AT WILL.

a model man, and when on one occasion he was asked to draw lots with another of the class, less popular than himself, for the highest honor, he declined to do so upon the ground that "the lot had already been determined in favor of his rival; the latter having held above him in the previous year." He was compelled however to accede to the Academic Board's decision, and drew the lucky straw, amidst the rejoicings of the entire Corps of Cadets.

Not long after this, at artillery drill, the No. 4, serving as cannoneer, jerked the lanyard prematurely and fired the rammer through O'Rorke's hands, when he O'Rorke, was acting as No. 1 in the gun detachment. Fortunately O'Rorke had but a moderate grip upon the rammer staff at the time, and although his gauntlet was dragged off, his arm did not go along with it. The indignation expressed at a called meeting of the class was such as would probably have compelled the resignation of the careless cadet, had the accident resulted more seriously.

Two instances have occurred at the Military Academy in the course of artillery drill, where the right arm of the cannoneer was torn off. In one case the man died. In the other, the victim survived; to be allowed, after graduation, to go upon the retired list with the rank of second lieutenant. The cadet, who, in this latter case, was the cause of the disability of his classmate, was, comparatively speaking, a wealthy man, and settled upon his maimed associate a sum sufficient to compen-

sate in some measure for the consequences of his carelessness.

The junior class of 1861 had marked as the future Commander of the Army of the United States this man O'Rorke, who, had he been spared, would probably have justified the class prevision. Shortly after graduation, he was appointed colonel of a volunteer regiment from the State of New York, and fell, mortally wounded, at the head of his regiment at the battle of Gettysburg.

It is admittedly true that "it is difficult to guard against a lack of home training in young men chosen with a democratic disregard of this prerequisite, but who are, in the highest sense, gentlemen; gentlemen not merely in the matter of familiarity with the usages of good society, but in the large sense of the term."* Taking this as a text, the case of Cushing, equally with that of O'Rorke, comes well within the scope of these remarks.

U. S. Grant and Jefferson Davis, graduates of exactly the same grading and in classes of nearly the same strength, furnish good illustrations of the capabilities of the "middle-man" of the class.

Longstreet, Lee's lieutenant and corps commander, is another instance of the middleman who counseled his Chief, the second man of another class, to countermand the order directing the charge of Pickett at Gettysburg, a charge which resulted so disastrously for the Confederate cause. Longstreet not only evinced better

* Editor of Army and Navy Journal.

judgment than his superior on this occasion, but his insistency, it has been said, came very near costing him deposition* from command of his corps.

Brig.-Gen. E. P. Alexander, C. S. A., class 1857, states that "in conversation with Colonel Ives of President Davis's staff, during a ride along the lines, I asked his estimate of Lee. His reply was impressive; stopping his horse and turning to face me, he said: 'Lee is the most audacious officer in either Army, Confederate or Federal; he will fight quicker and longer and take more desperate chances than any general this country has ever seen and you will live to see it.'"†

Certain it is that on no less than two occasions (at Chancellorsville and before the second battle of Bull Run), Lee divided his inferior force in the presence of one greatly its superior, and it was solely due to his lieutenant, Stonewall Jackson, that these operations were successful, the hazard being far greater than conditions warranted.

In referring to this question of class standing at the Military Academy the few special cases cited simply go to show that in the soldier's profession scholarship is not everything, but as preferment is given the men who graduate highest in their classes at the Military Academy, and they are usually assigned to the scientific branches of the service, it is to be expected that in time of peace men afforded such advantages should, as a rule, profit by them.

* This writer does not credit this statement, as Longstreet, like "Stonewall" Jackson, was indispensable to Lee.

It has for this reason always been considered a matter of the first importance at the Military Academy for the cadet to attain the best possible class standing.

There was a day, as long ago as 1839, when the Military Academy was bitterly assailed, for the reason that in the matter of appointees influential elements of society were propitiated to a too great degree. The opposition to the Academy at that time may perhaps have been well taken, and it had evidently crystallized in the day of Grant, who in his writings says: "Early in the session of the Congress which met in December, 1839, a bill was discussed abolishing the Military Academy. I saw in this an honorable way to obtain my discharge, and read the debates with much interest, but with impatience at the delay in taking action, as I was selfish enough to favor the bill. It never passed; and a year later, although the time hung drearily with me, I would have been sorry to have seen it succeed." Had this bill passed at that time it is safe to conclude that the following remarks could not have been made by Clayton,* (one of the investigators of the Military Academy,) in a recent congressional debate: "I cannot forget that from that Academy on the Northern side came Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and McClellan, and on the Southern side, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and the two Johnstons. These men probably had

*The Hon. Bertram T. Clayton, class of 1886, son of Maj.-Gen. H. D. Clayton, C. S. A.

their boyish pranks; they had their hazings and their 'straights' like other boys;" and here let us add, in the words of Judith Hawes: "Sad pickles though they may be, boys such as these make the best and bravest men."

"An old man of the village saw the boy Clive astride of a gargoyle far up and outside the church tower: "Ah!" he muttered, shaking his head, "That 'ere Bobby Clive, he'll never come to no good."

CHAPTER IV

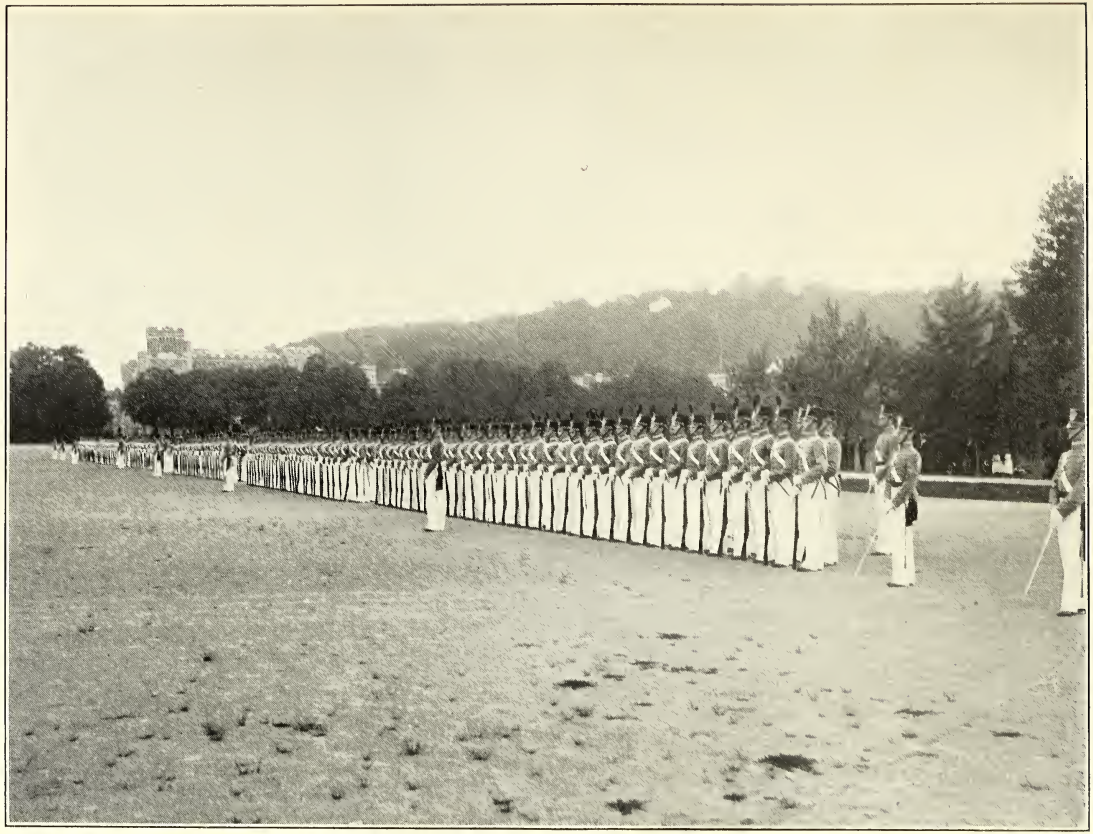
OUR INSTRUCTORS

THE professors of our day were Mahan (engineering), Bartlett (philosophy), Church (mathematics), Kendrick (chemistry, mineralogy, and geology), Weir (drawing), French (chaplain, ethics), Agnel (French), De Jañon (Spanish).

"Old Dad" (Kendrick) was present at the siege of Vera Cruz, and took an active part in the battles of Cerro Gordo and Amazoque. He was brevetted major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the defense of Puebla, and preferred always to be addressed as Major rather than Professor.

His house was open to the cadets on Saturday afternoons, and being a bachelor he was able to entertain them after his own notions. These conditions may be more fully appreciated when we say that Sherman and Sheridan and all the other "jolly boys" "put up" at the Major's quarters whenever they visited the post.

As the story goes, an old army officer, one of the early temperance advocates, called upon the Major at a time when he was absent from home. The old lady housekeeper, lowering her voice, said: "Walk in, Colonel; the Major told me to tell any one who might call



CADET BATTALION PARADE.

that he would find what he wants on the upper shelf of the closet at the end of the hall."

It was the custom in past years, when any good fellow of a class was "hived," hived drunk; that is, found in condition such as to warrant his being brought to trial before a court-martial, for the class to sign a pledge, to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors during the remainder of their term at the Academy, in order to save the unfortunate from dismissal. Our class, at that time being "on pledge," knew full well where to go on Saturday afternoons, the afternoon the cadets had permission to visit on the post. The Major invariably inquired of those who sat around his board, "May I help the members of the second class to peaches (peaches amply supplied with liquor preservative)?" and as the second class could not drink, why not eat? and eat as all total abstinence people do, eat intemperately; "whip the devil around the stump?"

Our commandant at the time was John F. Reynolds, with the local rank of lieutenant-colonel, and the other officers of the Department of Tactics were: Alexander McD. McCook, Lieutenant, Second Infantry; Charles W. Field, Lieutenant, Second Cavalry; Robert Williams, Lieutenant, First Dragoons; Fitzhugh Lee, Lieutenant, Second Cavalry, and Charles Griffin, Lieutenant, Second Artillery, the latter officer transferring with the West Point Battery to Washington City early in the year 1861.

Griffin had earned no sobriquet at the hands of the

cadets and the same may be said of our commandant, Reynolds; but McCook was frequently called "A. McD;" Field, "Charley;" Williams, "Bully," and Fitzhugh Lee, "Fitz."

General Reynolds was killed July 1, 1863, aged 42. "Being in command of the engaged forces at the opening of the battle of Gettysburg, and while urging his men with animating words, he was struck with a rifle-shot that caused almost instant death, a grievous loss to the Army of the Potomac, one of whose most distinguished and best beloved officers he was; one whom, by the steady growth of the highest military qualities, the general voice of the Army had marked out for the largest fame."

Captain Reynolds had been brevetted captain and major for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista. The remaining tactical officers, when serving on the Plains, had engaged in many Indian contests and had done good service, though not requited by brevets. The law distinctly requires that brevets shall not be bestowed except in time of war; and the contests in which our little Army was engaged on the Frontier for so many long years, the most hazardous of all warfare, were, as determined by revised statutes, not to be so classed. Those who fell in conflicts with the Indians were men who passed quietly from their classes at the Academy to the Western wilds, returning — if ever again — to their Alma Mater for final interment in the West Point Cemetery.* The battle monument which now rears its

shaft near Trophy Point bears not even on its panels the names of these unsung heroes, as its specific aim is to commemorate only the names of those who, as officers and soldiers of the Regular Army, were killed in battle during the Civil War.

It was hard enough for those who were left at the Military Academy in the winter and spring of 1861 to part with their comrades from the South. But suddenly, in the same month in which the first class was graduated, Reynolds, Griffin, McCook, Williams, Field, and Lee, all the "Tac's," departed from the Academy for active service. Field and Lee became distinguished leaders in the Confederate States service. Williams, although a Virginian by birth and affiliation, remained loyal to the Union and commanded the First Massachusetts Cavalry, with the same energy and zeal that he had ever displayed at the Military Academy as instructor of cavalry tactics. Later he became Adjutant-General, United States Army.

Of Alexander McD. McCook, Major-General, United States Army, retired, so much is known that it needs but to be said that he is much more youthful and spry than many "old fellows," his juniors by many years, who are now verging upon retirement.

Of Fitzhugh Lee also, words are unnecessary. He has fought *for* and *against* us, and all is now forgiven

* "Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored."— *Daniel Webster.*

and forgotten that could in any wise detract from the luster of the star which he wears with so much honor in the strap upon his shoulder. He commanded the company of cadets of which the writer was a member; and "Fitz's" parting words, as, with tears in his eyes and a voice tremulous with emotion, he bade us farewell, left an impression that will not be effaced so long as memory lasts.

The writer found in "Charley" Field* a good, kind friend; and remembers well the overwhelming grief in his family when the time arrived for the former to sever his bond with the United States Army, and take up arms against the flag which he had so often and so valiantly defended. Standing six feet three inches, and cast in the mold of an Adonis, he was probably the finest specimen of manhood that ever passed from out the portals of our Alma Mater. When mounted upon his favorite charger and at the head of the cadet troop, his presence dwarfed all others. The soldierly bearing of this officer and his personal appearance, coupled with a certain recklessness and devil-may-care manner in his training of the cadets in the riding hall, won for him the deepest admiration and affection. In fact, the cadets fairly worshipped him.

And now for "Bully Williams," so well known by this sobriquet as not otherwise to be referred to in these pages. He, too, was a man after the fashion of Field, both in looks and action. A bold sabreur, one to win the heart of any man, or woman either. Indeed, we

* Later Major-General, C. S. A.

apprehend that it was the heart of one of the other sex that earned for Robert Williams his sobriquet. The story, as we cadets had it, relates to "arrows and darts," to "pistols and coffee;" "a bullet through the hat of our "Bully Boy," and "a bullet, in reserve, fired in the air."

Williams' system of instruction and strict discipline struck a fair balance with Field's laxity and recklessness, since without this check we should not have turned out good cavalry soldiers, however well qualified as "rough and tumble" riders we might have been.

Well do we all, members of the 1861 classes, remember "Bully's" method of inviting attention to the principles of navigation for one "at sea" upon a horse. For example, the case of Mithers. (If there is a Mr. Mithers, our remarks need not apply.) "Mr. Mithers, keep your horse off the heels of the horse in front of you." A rebuke from the far end of the riding hall, and a voice to be likened at the present day to that of the megaphone call. "Remember, Mr. Mithers, that 'All that glitters is not gold.'" Mr. Mithers *will not forget it;* nor shall any of us cease to remember the unfathomable gibes and jests of this our "Bully Boy." Or it may be, "Sit up, Mr. Mithers." "Hold your bridle rein properly." "Carry back your legs; *and* remember, Mr. Mithers, that 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.'"

It so happened that on a certain day Mr. Mithers having attained the highest honors in his class in the course of drawing, exchanged as squad leader with

O'Rorke — the alternation daily after January examination being between drawing and riding. Mr. Mithers thus became the leader of the cavalry squad, and *what an honor!* The megaphone now opened with a rattling volley: "Mr. Mithers, the command was 'walk,' not 'trot.'" "Mr. Mithers, the command was 'trot out,' not 'gallop.'" "*Squad, halt!*" "Mr. Mithers and Mr. Custer, "*lead out;*" "*dismount!*" "exchange horses — and now, Mr. Mithers, take your place at the *tail end* of the squad, the place where you properly belong." After further maneuvering, again the command, "*halt!*" coupled with these complimentary observations: "Mr. Mithers, you are afraid of your horse." (*Afraid of his horse!* Well might any cadet, even "Fitz" himself, be afraid of "Quaker.") "Mr. Mithers, such conduct as this will do very well for *a lady's boudoir*, but when it comes to dealing with men, it won't do, sir; *it won't do!*" At this juncture it would not be fair to Lieutenant Williams to leave unrecognized an idea which the lapse of many years has slowly evolved from the depths of our inner consciousness.

Turn to Richard Third and in the very first speech find words which throw broad light upon a matter full of poise and difficulty:

> —— "instead of mounting barbed steeds
> To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
> He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
> To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

If Lieutenant Williams really meant that Mithers was better fitted to caper nimbly in a lady's chamber (bou-

ACADEMIC BUILDING.

doir) than to mount a barbed steed, he "had" Mithers beyond all controversy; and Mithers must either get even with him or heap coals of fire upon his head by forgiving him.

Well do we remember "the practice march," as "Bully" was wont to call it, to Stony Point and back; all the way at a walk, never once breaking into trot or gallop (how we hated this). It was by no means an unusual occurrence, as we passed Cozzens' Hotel, for a gentleman at the rear of the squad (by name, Custer) to suddenly disappear; as luck would have it, his absence never being observed by "Bully." This was before the class "took the pledge," Custer's purpose being *to water his horse at the trough, in front of the bar of the hotel.*

On one such occasion Lieutenant Williams's attention had been specially directed to Custer's horse after he had rejoined the squad, and as he wheeled us into line, preparatory to dismounting, he gave this parting shot: "Gentlemen, I regret to say that you have treated your horses to-day very much as the schoolboy does his first penknife." *"Dismount!"*

Now, a word before the "Squad's dismissed!"

Sir Walter Scott was advised to desist from further effort with his pen after his "Marmion." Yet there followed "The Lady of the Lake." To fully reassure himself after the caution of friends, he read aloud his later production to an old and experienced hunter. At the point where the hounds of James Fitz James plunge into the water to follow the shallop to the Isle in the

Lake, the old man sprang up and ejaculated, "Stop! it will never do for the dogs to make *the* plunge, *after that run.*"

An old hunter in perusing the lines of our manuscript, enters this remark, "Fail not to tell me what that Blazer, Williams, meant by his joke about the 'schoolboy's penknife.'" ("Birds of a feather flock together" — of course, of course — how else would they flock? they wouldn't be such blasted fools as to flock apart.") To be perfectly candid with you, old friend, it has taken many years for the cadets of our day to "gather moss" on this subject. But Oh! how refreshing it is to discard the dried-up "chestnuts" of modern days and think over what we *had* done on that past day to our horses that the schoolboy does to his first penknife. No wonder your brain is sore perplexed to know what the "Blazer" meant; none other than "Bully" the "Blazer" can respond to this most natural query.

Before the writer goes too far in this vein, he may add that Lieutenant Williams was greatly respected, as all officers of merit and distinction well must be. Indeed, a mishap to Cadet Mithers should bear out this remark. Mithers had taken the hurdle ahead of "Old Clothesline" (the swayback horse of the squad). "Clothesline" following, planted his foremost foot into Cadet Mithers's breathing apparatus, which necessitated this gentleman's being carried off to the hospital. "Now, gentlemen," said the noble "Bully," that was no fault of Mr. Mithers; it was entirely the fault of his

horse; and I take this occasion to say that at one time Mr. Mithers was the worst rider in the squad, whereas now he is one of the best;" had the writer been Mithers he would add, "and this was due entirely to Lieutenant Williams's *most excellent* system of instruction."

We can hardly leave the riding hall without one word for the senior instructor in cavalry tactics, "Charley Field." Those of us who had read "Charley O'Malley" and were familiar with the exploits of "Charley May," of Mexican War fame, knew full well what we were about in bestowing a sobriquet this time.

Charley May the very counterpart of "Charley Field," was a gallant officer of good old Maryland stock, who rode into Arista's batteries, and over his guns, at Resaca de la Palma, far in the lead of his troop, and with "Zeb Inge," his first lieutenant, a close second. Poor "Zeb!" his last words were:—"Charley, 'tis not fair; hold back!"

The night before the battle of Palo Alto and two nights before Resaca de la Palma, "Zeb" invited "Charley" to call upon "Sam Ringgold." "I go to see 'Sam' so often," "Charley" replied, "I am afraid I'll drink up all of his whisky; but I'll tell you what I *will* do. I'll go up with you and when asked, will decline to drink; and then when he asks you, 'Zeb,' to 'take something,' and you two fill up, I'll say, 'I hate to see you fellows drinking alone; I think I'll join you.'" The program was carried out as arranged for. "Well, 'Zeb,' come along," said "Sam;" "if 'Charley'

won't take anything, you will, won't you?" "Thank you, 'Sam,' I believe not; I, also, must swear off for the night; follow 'Charley's' example, you know." Alas for poor "Charley"! Within so brief a period as forty-eight hours, these friends were killed in battle, the one at Palo Alto, and the other on the day following at Resaca de la Palma.

To all outward appearances "Charley" May and "Charley" Field were much alike, except that while May wore his beard long and pointed, almost to his waist, Field contented himself with the conventional cavalryman's moustache. They both wore their hair à la Captain Cody, and from this Cadet Custer took his cue, and, as will be seen, A. McD. assisted him in dispensing with a large proportion of it at Sunday morning inspection.

Custer, after being several times reported for long hair, instructed the barber to give his head "a clean shave." This was something for others but not for Custer himself to laugh at, the laugh with him being altogether on "the other side of the mouth."

"A. McD." pursued this prospective cavalry leader relentlessly, as any other "dough boy" would have done, and at all military inspections, and in fact at all other times "on sight," reported Custer for "Hair out of uniform," until this young gentleman was forced to decorate his bald head with a tan-colored wig to save himself from dismissal.

The delinquency books of the Academy corroborate this, and further show that "Jim" Lord's boasted

GYMNASIUM — THAYER'S STATUE.

venture therein also had its entry. "Jim" was not reported for moustache at inspection, as he wagered that he would be; but simply for the unmilitary offense of "Trying to have some hair on upper lip," and this on a very chilly Sunday morning, "a cold day," so to speak for "Jim." Oh, yes; "A. McD." knew at that time as well how to manage cadets as at a later date he did the "Johnny Rebs." A strategist as well as tactician, was this prospective Major-General, United States Army.

And now, without further digression, let us get at "Charley" Field's system of instruction in cavalry tactics, a very different system from the one enunciated and practiced by the junior assistant in the same department.

Lieutenant Field had been ordered to Vermont to purchase horses, and had advertised throughout the State for vicious animals, his idea being, no doubt, that they might serve the useful and double purpose of teaching cadets to break in horses and horses to break in cadets. As a financial operation, his efforts, too, were a great success. "*Xantippe*," for instance, was knocked down for five dollars, though any cadet would have been only too ready to put up double that sum to have the brute killed.

After a large invoice of these Vermont horses had been received at the Point on one of those cool, crisp autumnal days, the air full of ozone and the horses full of the "Old Nick," the animals in the riding hall were equipped with blankets and *snaffle bits*, ready for the riders of the junior class.

"Charley" conceived the notion of a turn to "Cozzens'" and back: "A practice march" indeed it was. The horses' mouths, even in the short time they had been at the Point, were well hardened to the curb by the first class men's exercises.

If there are any of us alive to-day (Yes, there are five!), it is thought they have not forgotten that first saddle blanket, *snaffle bit* ride to Cozzens' on that exceptionally fine October morning. It not only "beat the band," but was far ahead of any circus that we (What say the five?) ever after attended. Fully three-quarters of the entire squad picked themselves up at various points along the road, and trotted home on "shanks' mare." May not something be gleaned from this of Lieutenant Field's system of instruction, the antithesis of that of Lieutenant Williams?

Cadets, as well as cats, it is said, have nine lives, and hence it is, that practice of this kind, when one is well insured, is not only useful but may save many a life in the long run.

And here is its usefulness: When war comes upon us as did the great War of the Rebellion, and cavalry leaders are sought for, the graduates of the Military Academy will in the future as in the past be ever ready for the contest.

We may name a few of the cavalry brigade, division, and corps commanders irrespective of the sides on which they fought during the Civil War: Earl Van Dorn;— Marmaduke;— Mackenzie;— Jubal Early;— Gregg;— Buckner;—Averill;—"Harry" Wilson—"Jeb" Stuart;

ARTILLERY—IN BATTERY, PREPARED FOR ACTION.

(J. E. B.)— "Joe" Wheeler;— John Buford;— Alfred Pleasonton;— "Fitz" Lee;— "Charley" Fitzhugh;— Fitzpatrick;—Stoneman;— Merritt;— Custer;—"Phil" Sheridan;— "Bob" Williams;— "Charley" Field and a host of others too numerous to mention; all sons of our Alma Mater.

Proud mother of heroes!

CHAPTER V

THE WEST POINT LIGHT BATTERY

THE West Point light battery was commanded in 1861 by Captain Charles Griffin,* senior instructor of artillery tactics, and manned by cadets as acting chiefs of sections, chiefs of pieces and cannoneers. The drivers for the gun and caisson teams were dragoons assigned for this duty, and at the same time charged with the care of the horses in the cavalry stables.

It was presumed, under the orders from the War Department, received early in January, that the battery would not be required in Washington before the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. These orders, however, necessitated recruiting the battery to its full enlisted strength, and for this reason the cadets feared that they were to lose not only the battery, but also the horses, which were used for squadron and trooper drill as well as for light artillery exercises. Everything seemed to be going from us at once: comrades, instructors, and, in fact, all adjuncts of our military training, and after the battery left the Point, it might be a long time before the cadets would again exercise on the cavalry plain in squadron or battery drill, cut heads, or jump the hurdle

* Later Major-General, U. S. V.

in the Riding Hall. The end of all things seemed at hand; the country, indeed, was "going to the dogs," and no mistake.

The writer recalls a day when, as the battery was dashing down the plain at full speed, its right piece drew ahead, horses on the run. "Halt!" signaled the upraised sabres. "Halt!" sounded the bugle, but there was no halt for the mad team as it careered across the battery front straight for the stable road. As the drivers strove to guide the brutes from this path of sure destruction, by a sharp, quick turn, over went gun, limber, horses, drivers and all in one common heap, and out on a tangent shot the cannoneers from the limber seats;— all save one. The limber wheel was lifted from his (broken?) neck. "Not dead yet!" were his very words as he was extricated from the wreck, and he ("Billy") is still mustered with the living.*

As the battalion stood in ranks, at reveille, on the last day of January, a bugle note sounding "Column, left!" "Forward, guide right!" brought, into view and for the *last time*, our field battery. Here was war indeed, though none of us could realize it. After breaking ranks the entire corps assembled in front of barracks and gave the battery three rousing cheers, as it wound its way around by the valley road on its long, uncertain journey, and as the last carriage passed from sight it was with aching hearts that we retraced our steps to the barrack rooms.

Cushing and Pelham: the one the Ringgold of the

* Col. William A. Marye.

Union and the other of the Confederate Army;— both were there to join in that good-bye cheer. Of the former we have already spoken, and now of Pelham but one single word; *a noble fellow*:* — had he premonitions on that moonlit winter morn, when, or where next the West Point battery's guns would respond to the guns of Pelham's horse brigade? Kind, brave and generous Pelham, we shall not forget you. No Union officer had aught but consideration at your hands when held by you as prisoner of war.

And Custer, how would Custer have fared without Pelham's Virginia "straight cut," and Pelham, how would he have made out without Custer's commissary "rotgut?" A traffic through the picket lines, on *quiet* days.†

The scene shifts; this is the field of Manassas, as Nicolay‡ describes it: "Death puffed from bushes,

* In April, 1863, there is recorded this tribute at the hands of Gen. Robert E. Lee: "Thanks to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and his noble brigade, it failed; not, however, without the loss of such noble spirits as Majors Pelham and Pullen."

† "The rule was for a Yankee to wave a newspaper, go forward toward the rebel line, meet a reb who came forward waving a newspaper, and midway the two pickets exchanged commodities to their mutual benefit.

"There was not one incident of this kind, but scores. Sometimes it was the Confederate who was suffering and the Unionist gave him what he most needed. Occasionally it was the Unionist who was suffering and the Confederate shared with him the necessaries of life, but the minute the truce was at an end they were blazing away at each other without a thought of any obligation to forget their duties as soldiers."

‡ Scribner series.

fences, buildings; and yet the jets of flame and wreaths of smoke were the only visible enemy to assail. Officers and cannoneers held on with a desperate courage; some moved to new positions to foil the Rebel range. Griffin's battery came and took place alongside; eleven Union guns and thirteen Confederate guns were confronted at short range in a stubborn and exciting duel. But now the Rebel regiments, seeing the dangerous exposure of the Union batteries, were tempted to swarm out of their cover. They pressed cautiously but tenaciously upon Ricketts. Griffin, absorbed in directing the fire of two of his guns against the Rebel batteries, was suddenly startled by seeing a regiment advancing boldly on his right, in open view. Their very audacity puzzled him. They could hardly be friends, he thought; yet was it possible that foes were so near and would take such a risk? Instinctively he ordered his guns to be charged with canister and trained upon them. Yet at the dreadful thought of pouring such a volley upon a Union regiment, he once more hesitated, and held a brief colloquy with Major Barry, Chief of Artillery. 'Captain,' said Barry, 'they are your battery support.' 'They are Confederates,' replied Griffin, in intense excitement; 'as certain as the world, they are Confederates.' 'No,' answered Barry, 'I know they are your battery support.' Griffin spurred forward, and told his officer not to fire. The mistake proved fatal. During his interval of doubt the Confederate regiment had approached to point-blank range, and leveled their muskets just as Griffin gave his order to desist. Griffin's canister would

have annihilated the regiment; but now the tables were turned, and in an instant the regiment's volley had annihilated Griffin's and Ricketts' batteries. Officers and men, wounded or dead; and horses and caissons went tearing in wild disorder down the hill, breaking and scattering the ascending line of battle. Under this sudden catastrophe the supporting regiment stood a while spellbound with mingled astonishment and terror. They were urged forward to repel the advance on the guns; but the unexpected disaster overawed them; and under the continued volleys of the advancing Confederate regiment they fired their muskets, turned, and fled.

These disabled batteries, visible to both armies, now became the centre and coveted prize of an irregular contest, which surged back and forth over the plateau of the Henry Hill; but, whether because of confusion of orders, or the broken surface of the ground, or more probably the eagerness of capture and rescue, the contest was carried on, not by the whole line, but by single regiments, or at most by two or three regiments moving accidentally rather than designedly in concert. Several times the fight raged past and over the prostrate body of Ricketts, lying wounded among his guns, and who was finally carried away a prisoner to Richmond. The Rebels would dash forward, capture the batteries, and endeavor to turn the pieces on the Union lines; then a Union regiment would sweep up the hill; drive them back, and essay to drag the guns down into safe possession. And a similar shifting and intermitting fight went on, not merely on this single spot, but also among the

low concealing pines of the middle ground in front, as well as in the oak woods on the Union right, where at times friends became intermingled with foes, and where both sides took occasional prisoners near the same place."

"Officers of experience and sagacity, indeed, became seriously alarmed for the final result when Griffin's and Ricketts' batteries were destroyed."

There lay Ramsay and Craig dead, and Ricketts, their captain, wounded. Ames, after being wounded, refused to leave the field but was forced to dismount from his horse; so that but two of the six battery officers escaped without hurt.

What more shall be said of this battery of our Alma Mater? Its losses at Bull Run were twenty-seven killed and wounded. After this we hear of "D" of the Fifth at Hanover Court House, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Weldon Railroad, and Appomattox.

What of Gettysburg? Hazlett, our gallant, chivalrous, handsome young soldier held Little Round Top, the key of the battlefield, against repeated assaults of the enemy, giving up his life, as did "Little Woodruff," his lieutenant, and the good work of this battery contributed greatly to that glorious victory.

"At Appomattox, the West Point battery saw its arduous efforts justified by the conquest of a noble peace," and a tablet at our Alma Mater will ever read:

"No organization has a prouder record," than Battery "D," Fifth United States Artillery, the West Point Light Artillery.*

"In the spring of 1898, ten light batteries of the old regiments of artillery were concentrated at Chickamauga, Georgia, and the organization was later designated The Light Artillery Brigade of the Fifth Army Corps.

"Four batteries of the First and Second Artillery had preceded the brigade proper and had taken an active part in all of the engagements around Santiago, before the arrival of the remaining batteries of the brigade on the 9th of July, at Baquiri, some twenty miles from Santiago de Cuba."

"D" of the Fifth, the old West Point Battery, left Fort Hamilton, N. Y., April 19, 1898; arrived at Chickamauga Park April 21, 1898; left Chickamauga Park April 30, 1898; arrived at Port Tampa, Fla., May 2, 1898; left Port Tampa July 3, 1898, and arrived at Baquiri, Cuba, July 9, 1898; disembarked all the horses preparatory to march, but were ordered to re-embark to join General Miles's expedition to Porto Rico; left Baquiri July 21, 1898, and arrived at Guanica July 25, 1898; marched from Guanica to Ponce, Porto Rico, July 30, 1898, arriving there August 11, 1898; left Ponce August 8, 1898, as part of General Swan's brigade, consisting of Troop "A," Fifth Cavalry, Light Battery "C," Third Artillery, Light Battery "D," Fifth Artil-

*A photogravure plate shows this battery as at present organized and equipped at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

9TH BATTERY OF FIELD ARTILLERY.

lery, and Eleventh Regiment of Infantry; taking the western coast of the island by way of Tallopoo Yucca, Sabana Grande, Mayaguez, and Los Morias; engaged with Spanish forces near Hormigueros August 10, 1898, where the battery had three men and three horses wounded, all of whom recovered; returned and went into permanent camp at Mayaguez August 16, 1898, and remained there until November 3, 1898, when the battery moved into the city and were provided with barracks and stables; left Mayaguez November 23, 1898, and arrived at Savannah, Ga., December 1, 1898, where it remained in camp until its departure for Fort Sheridan, Ill., where it arrived January 13, 1899.

Battery "D" of the Fifth Artillery, the West Point battery, did not return to West Point after the Civil War. New horses had been purchased for the Academy, and a new battery organized in its stead.

And now a few words on the subject of the light artillery arm of our service:

A light battery organization existed in our service between the years of 1820 and 1835. This organization was however never mounted — a mere paper arrangement. It was not then until Ringgold's battery of horse artillery appeared in 1838, and was followed by the batteries of Duncan, Washington, and Frank Taylor, that we could be said to have had any light artillery in this country. The distinction between the light batteries of the Mexican War — Washington's and Taylor's — and the horse batteries of Ringgold and

Duncan, is that the horse battery organization required all cannoneers to be mounted, none riding upon the limbers and caissons, as is provided for in the light battery. The celerity of movement of the horse battery gave to it the designation, "Flying Artillery." "The paper organization of the light artillery required a uniform* for both officers and men, which was very showy, and they were very proud of it. The coat of blue cloth was short, with three rows of buttons, and profusely covered with gold lace; pantaloons tight, of white cassimere, with boots to the knees. Gold wings were worn upon the shoulders and spurs were always worn. The saber-belt had attached to it a dispatch-bag, called a sabre-tache, which was bound with gold lace and ornamented on the flap with gold embroidered letters, "L. A." The cap was also much ornamented. The men, instead of boots, wore long black cloth gaiters, coming up square under the knees, after the manner of the "Old Guard." The great feature of the regiment was the mess, as in those days there were but two of the officers married, only one at headquarters. All officers were required to dine in dress uniform, and each officer was attended by a soldier, also in full dress." The dinner was the event of the day, especially on those days when guests were present.

When news was brought of the battle of Palo Alto, Texas, which occurred on May 8, 1846, it was learned that Major Samuel Ringgold had been mortally

* Uniform described in Haskin's History of the First Artillery.

wounded while gallantly directing the fire of the battery of horse artillery under his command, and that later he died of wounds, May 11, 1846, at Point Isabel, Texas.

As the irritation on the frontier (more particularly the southwest frontier) increased, he was indefatigable in perfecting the new arm of our service — the "Flying Artillery."

"He was indeed the first to conceive this scheme, was profoundly interested in its development, and labored to such a degree that he suffered a complete collapse, experiencing a long and painful illness.

During the most acute and dangerous period of his malady, doctors were called in consultation. When the doctor came into the room, Major Ringgold feebly motioned him to his bedside and asked him for an opinion as to his prospects of recovery. The doctor told him of his perilous condition, but said there was a gleam of hope. "Save me, doctor, if possible." Then, closing his eyes for a moment, he uttered these words, as if in prayer, Oh, God! let me die on the field of battle." The scene was dramatic; the words seemed prophetic. Ringgold soon recovered. The war began in 1846, and Ringgold went at once to the front."

In Patton's "History of the American People" we find that "To Major Ringgold was due much of the credit for that perfection of drill and rapidity of movement which the American flying artillery exhibited on battlefields during this war." Of the battle of Palo Alto, we read, "The enemy lost four hundred men, while the Americans had only nine killed and forty-four

wounded; but among the former was Major Ringgold, universally lamented, both as an officer and a Christian gentleman; as his officers offered him assistance when wounded, he said: "Leave me alone, you are wanted forward." His prayer was answered; he died upon the field of battle. There, too, was James Duncan, side by side with Ringgold at Palo Alto with his battery of flying artillery. He was breveted major for this action, and for gallant and highly distinguished conduct in the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Monterey breveted lieutenant-colonel; later for like distinguished conduct at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo he was breveted colonel. *Ringgold* and *Duncan*, what names! What inspiration for light artillery men of later wars! If indeed such inspiration were needed. History tells us that the United States Army in 1845 numbered about five thousand men. Three thousand five hundred of these were at Corpus Christi, Texas, under General Zachary Taylor. In March, 1846, Taylor moved southward to a point on the Rio Grande opposite Matamoras, at the time calling upon the Governors of Louisiana and Texas for five thousand volunteers. On the 1st of May he moved eastward with his main body to open communication with Point Isabel. To intercept his return, the Mexican General, Arista, moved with about six thousand men to Palo Alto, nine miles from Matamoras, and planted his force across the road. Taylor's returning column reached this point on the 8th of May, and gave battle. Two eighteen-pounder and two light batteries (Ringgold's and Duncan's) made dreadful

havoc in the close ranks of the Mexican infantry, while an attempt to turn the American right was promptly thwarted. The prairie grass between the contending lines took fire, and behind the curtain of smoke Arista drew back his left; Taylor made a corresponding change, advanced his artillery again, and renewed the fight. The movement to turn the American left was discovered, and the guns of Ringgold's battery were wheeled round to meet him, and under their steady fire the attacking column was put to flight. It was at this juncture the gallant Ringgold fell, mortally wounded. It has been said that the Mexicans were astonished at the celerity of our light battery movements, and that the victories of Zachary Taylor over the Mexicans (always a superior force) were due to the efficiency of the artillery arm of his army, notwithstanding the excellent mounts and the brave and impetuous character of the Mexican troops.

Ringgold's battery took an active part in the first battle of Bull Run, and Duncan's battery, with its veteran noncommissioned officers, arrived for duty at Alexandria, Va., from Fort Pickens, Fla., but at so late an hour, and the horses were so ill-conditioned from the voyage, that the battery could not be pushed to the front in time to take part in the battle; but took position at Centreville with the reserve, and for outpost duty, or in the defenses of the Capital of the Nation.

Owing to the laurels that this battery had won in the Mexican War, and its very efficient condition, General McClellan made it a horse battery, the first horse battery, in fact, organized at the outbreak of the Civil

War. After joining the reserve camp of the Army of the Potomac, at a point east of the Capitol building in Washington, it was shown greater consideration than any other battery, with Tidball commanding. It was admirably equipped, and appeared always at review in full dress uniform, wearing the horsehair plumes which were not in any other case issued as a part of the field equipment. The battery, when at drill, almost immediately broke into the gallop and kept up a lively pace throughout its manœuvres.

This practice was given to qualify the battery to manœuvre with cavalry. The guns were of the lightest calibre, twelve-pound howitzers, with range so short that its work could only be done at close quarters.

An amusing incident occurred at drill on an October morning when the Sixth Cavalry (Cameron's Own), an entirely new organization, men barely able to sit astride their horses, was drawn up in line for parade. The regiment presented at a distance a very striking appearance. The officers were in line in front of their companies; the band was at its post, and the regiment had received its colors; the glittering blades of the troopers reflected the rays of the morning sun; and the whole made an impressive tableau. The battery at a gallop swung around at the command, "Action front," unlimbered quite near to and in front of the regiment and loaded with blank cartridges. Captain Tidball, in a spirit of deviltry, had given the order to load with blank cartridges, and fire. We limbered up, and were off again at the gallop to some other part of the

SEA COAST BATTERY.

field; the smoke clearing away revealed no trace of the regiment. A panic had seized upon all the horses, and the streets of east Washington were crowded with runaways. Some twenty or more men were on the ground where the regiment had before been in line, and the horses were nowhere to be seen. For some days intercourse between the colonel of the Sixth Cavalry and the captain of Battery "A" of the Second Artillery was suspended, and here we may add that, had this incident occurred at West Point, as between old cadets and plebes, it would have been been regarded as a simple case of hazing. The Sixth Cavalry had been hazed; it had received its baptism of fire; the experience may have saved the regiment from embarrassment on some later occasion.

Ringgold's battery* was pushed to the front at Bull Run, and did as good execution as the batteries of Griffin and Ricketts. The battery was at the time commanded by Capt. Richard Arnold, the officer who succeeded "Tim" Sherman, then acting as brigade commander. This battery had been serving in Washington City for some months prior to the battle of Bull Run, and was at the time known as Sherman's White Horse Battery (E of the Third). When "Tim" Sherman organized his expedition to South Carolina in 1861, he was allowed to take with him his old battery, then commanded by Lieut. J. R. Myrick. In the engage-

* Duncan's and Ringgold's were twin horse batteries during the Mexican War.

ment with the enemy on Morris Island, S. C., July 10, 1863, this battery was assigned position in the front line.

We have referred to Ringgold as the light artillery hero of the Mexican War; his loss was the more conspicuous from the fact that he was one of but nine in our Army killed at Palo Alto.

What further shall we say of Cushing, a second Ringgold, and of his battery at Gettysburg?

The battery lost in action all of its commissioned officers, more than half of its men, and all the battery horses save five (89 out of 94).

At this juncture First Sergeant, now Major, Füger assumed command. He says: "We fired canister, double and treble charges, but still the Confederates came on; owing to the dense smoke I could not see very far to the front, but to my utter astonishment and surprise I saw General Armistead leap over the stone wall with about two hundred of his men, landing right in the midst of our battery; but my devoted cannoneers stood their ground, fighting hand to hand with pistols, sabres, handspikes, and rammers, until the enemy was driven out of the battery by General Tubbs's brigade, and Pickett's column collapsed. General Armistead fell mortally wounded a few yards from where Lieutenant Cushing fell, his young and gallant adversary. It has been asked, what other than Southern troops would have made that charge? Ay, sir; but what other than Northern troops would have met and repulsed it? Northern endurance and pluck were more than a match for South-

ern dash. In this bloody charge scores of their officers went down — Armistead and Garnett killed, Kemper badly wounded — and of the whole number of field officers of this splendid division which advanced so proudly across the field, Pickett and a lieutenant-colonel alone remained. In front of Battery 'A' over six hundred of Pickett's men were founded dead; out of his whole division, five thousand strong, Pickett returned with one thousand. Pickett's men did all that mortal men could do.

"The aggregate of killed and wounded on each side in this action probably fell little short of eight thousand killed and thirty-five thousand wounded."

At the great battle of Waterloo,* one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, a battle which decided the fate and changed the geography of all Europe, Napoleon had eighty-two thousand men, not including Grouchy, and two hundred and fifty-six guns. Wellington, with the allies, had one hundred and seven thousand men, or but seventy-two thousand before the Prussians came up, and over two hundred guns. They lost on each side in killed and wounded about twenty-three thousand men, a less percentage of loss for the allies than the French. Compare with the battle of Waterloo that of Gettysburg, and there is a wonderful similarity between the two in some respects. General Meade had in his army almost precisely the same number of men Napoleon had at Waterloo. He had

* This data is derived in part from the Army and Navy Journal.

eighty-two thousand men, with the Sixth Corps in reserve, with two hundred and fifty guns. Lee had an army of seventy-two thousand men, with two hundred guns. The losses were twenty-three thousand on each side in that engagement, almost identical with the losses at Waterloo.

"The battle between the French and Russians at Borodino was perhaps the bloodiest battle since the invention of gunpowder; there were thirty thousand men killed on each side. But as each army numbered over one hundred and thirty thousand, the per cent. of loss was less than at Gettysburg and less than at Waterloo. Take the great battle at Leipzig, where Napoleon had one hundred and seventy-five thousand men and where the allies had on the first day two hundred and seventy-five thousand, increased on the next day by reinforcements to three hundred and thirty thousand. There were about forty thousand killed on each side. Yet the very largest numbers engaged in that battle made the per cent. of loss very much less than at Gettysburg or Waterloo."

Here is a remarkable instance of loss at Gettysburg: "The Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment was eight hundred and twenty strong. It had eighty-six killed and five hundred and two wounded, making a total of five hundred and eighty-eight, or seventy-one and seven-tenths per cent. That was in the first day's battle; but the most remarkable part of it is that this regiment on the third day's fight turned up with a little remnant of two hundred and sixteen men out of their

eight hundred and twenty, participated in Pickett's gallant charge, and came out with only eighty men left. There was a company in that regiment — Captain Tuttle's company — that went in with three officers and eighty-four men and came out with only one officer and one man."*†

* Army and Navy Journal.

† So much uncertainty attaches in estimates of the kind given above that the writer has been at pains to more exactly determine the numbers at Waterloo:

French — Infantry	48,950
Cavalry	15,765
Artillery	7,232
Total	71,947

Bulow's Prussian Corps made itself felt on the field at 2 o'clock, and before the charge of the Imperial Guard at 7 o'clock had 30,000 men engaged on Planchenoit, in the rear of the French right. Just as the Guard was repulsed, Ziethen's Prussian Corps attacked the right of D'Erlon's Corps and completed the defeat of the French. Ziethen had at least 10,000 men engaged. Add this 10,000 to Bulow's 30,000, and we have 40,000 Prussians coming to the aid of, and actually fighting (with heavy loss) in aid of, the 67,000 British troops. The allies had therefore 107,000 men against the French 71,000.

CHAPTER VI

GRADUATED AND ASSIGNED

(Field service.)

THE graduation of the junior class of 1861 was not marked by the customary exercises and ceremonies, the class surrendering its "graduating furlough" and proceeding at once to the field.

Before a determination had been reached respecting the graduation of the class, a petition, signed by all of its members, was addressed to the Secretary of War, requesting that the class be allowed to graduate at an early date, in order to take the field. The petition was almost immediately considered, and a few days thereafter the class was hastily examined in its second class course of study. Such portion of the first class course as could be mastered in the short remaining period, before the date set for graduation, was taken up at once and pursued until late in the month of June.

We were marched into camp with the cadet battalion and remained at West Point for a few days thereafter to complete a short course of practical engineering. On the 24th of June the class reported for duty to Gen. Winfield Scott, at Headquarters of the Army, Washington City, D. C.

Arriving at the depot in Washington City, we were

CAVALRY—COLUMN OF PLATOONS.

met by a remarkably fine-looking officer, Lieut. Douglas Ramsay, of Ricketts' light battery. It was but one month afterward that this gallant young officer was followed to his grave by those of the class who had been assigned to his arm of service; on the field of Manassas his captain was wounded, his battery was completely wrecked, and he himself was killed.

Mr. Lincoln came over from the White House to General Scott's office for the express purpose of bidding us welcome to the service. After this ceremony was gone through with, we proceeded to the headquarters of the General commanding the defenses of Washington, and reported to him for assignment to duty as instructors or drill masters of the "three months' regiments," all of which were encamped in and around the cities of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria. General Mansfield gave specific instructions to all, the writer remaining at headquarters as his aide-de-camp.

During the entire day of the Bull Run battle, Sunday, July 21st, the General's aides were in the saddle, forwarding troops to McDowell's Army. Late in the afternoon, grave apprehension as to the result of the conflict was felt, since the firing of the artillery became more and more distinct as the day advanced, and this augured ill for the Union Army.

When the aids were assembled in the office of General Mansfield, late in the day, he rose from his seat, closed the door, and drawing a telegram from his breast pocket, read aloud these words: "The left wing of the Army is in retreat upon Centreville" — a telegram from Gen-

eral McDowell to General Scott. At the moment we were made aware of this unfortunate state of affairs, a tap on the door was followed by the entrance of an orderly from General Scott's headquarters. The telegram this time read: "The Army is in full retreat upon Centreville." General Mansfield was much excited and kept us in suspense, by not reading the message aloud. He paced the floor for quite a time, apparently greatly disturbed in mind, and, finally turning to his aides, said: "The worst has happened that could have happened; *our Army is defeated*, in full retreat on Centreville; and I fear it is *a rout*." "Go to your quarters, gentlemen," he then said, "and prepare for a night's ride over the river; we will require the Second Cavalry escort." The General and staff started from headquarters about 9 P. M., and, crossing the Potomac, spent the night in vain endeavor to accomplish something and to ascertain the real condition of affairs at the front.

Directions had been given by the General commanding before starting for the front that, in the event of the advance of the Confederates that night, all the church and fire bells throughout the city should be rung. What there was to be accomplished by such warning was hard to tell, as the sound of the bells would have brought joy to the hearts of a majority of the inhabitants of a city which, like its sister city, Baltimore, was disloyal to its heart's core.

That dismal night ride on the south side of the Potomac discovered to us nothing but isolated figures flitting here and there in the darkness, and all tending toward

the Potomac long bridge and the Georgetown Aqueduct bridge. Picnickers who had gone out in strong force to *see* the fight, many in hacks, were the first to block travel over the bridges, in their mad haste to escape from that night-mare of the Army, the "*Black Horse Cavalry.*" The day following this night was a dreary one indeed; drizzling rain, with heavy clouds hanging over as a pall. Fragments of regiments reported at headquarters from hour to hour, in bodies of a dozen or more, each squad claiming to be "all that is left of our regiment." Confidence fortunately was restored in the course of a few days, after it was ascertained that the regiments had not really been "*annihilated,*" and that the stragglers were reassembling on their old camp grounds. We were also encouraged to believe that the Confederates were as much demoralized by victory as we had been by defeat.

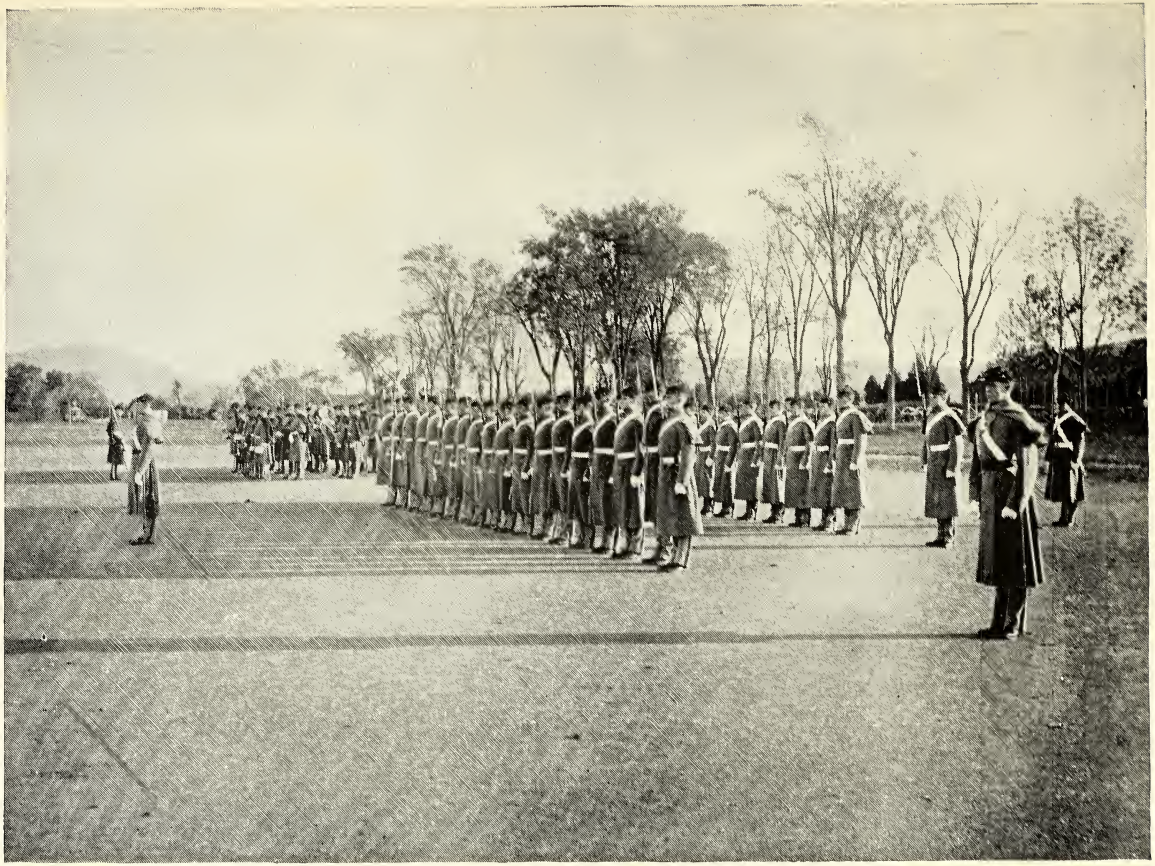
This day's awakening of the American people verified, as time showed, the old adage, that the uses of adversity are sweet indeed. Our loss was far less than at first reported, but we were sorely wounded in our pride and prestige. Of course valuable lives were sacrificed on both sides, and many of our men were made prisoners of war, but the loss was by no means commensurate with the force engaged, and inconsiderable when compared with that of later conflicts.

One of the aides-de-camp was sent out to Bailey's Crossroads to bring in a regiment which had been inadvertently left far beyond the line of pickets. Throughout this ride he was met by taunts and jeers as he passed

the farmhouses along the route, and the dogs were set upon him.

This officer, on returning, had reached a point on the monument road (a section of the city then called "Murder Bay") about midnight, when a man darted out in the darkness, from behind a treebox, and, seizing his horse by the bit and rein, bade him dismount and give up his horse. Two men ran up at this moment, and their coming terminated the struggle. The assailant feigned drunkenness, so that there was no opportunity afforded the officer to shoot the scoundrel, except at risk of the life of those who had come to the rescue. The man was consigned to the provost-marshal's guardhouse, and later it was learned that he was a private soldier in the Union Army, and, like hundreds of others in the city, was endeavoring to effect his escape by stealing a horse. In fact this incident is mentioned to show that it was impossible for an officer or indeed any one to hitch his horse, after the Bull Run disaster, at any point in the streets of Washington City with any certainty that some one would not come along, mount the animal, and ride him to death, on a North and South line, for home. A cordon of sentinels had been stationed around the city and at the railroad depots, and this rendered escape from service almost, if not quite, impossible, except when effected by deserters possessing themselves of horses.

General Scott retired from active service a few days after the Bull Run disaster, and was succeeded by Gen. George B. McClellan, who came to the defense of Wash-



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GUARD MOUNTING.

ington City with the prestige of his West Virginia campaign. His first step in perfecting the organization of the Army of the Potomac was to get his artillery into good shape; and his first order directed that all artillery officers serving on staff duty should at once join their batteries. This order carried the writer to Tidball's battery, then camped near the long bridge on the south side of the Potomac, and for some months sections of this battery were by daily alternation on outpost duty at Arlington Mills or other advanced points on the lines of approach to the city of Washington. The officers and men of the battery were all afflicted with malarial fever, but not to an extent such as to disqualify them for duty. Toward the fall of the year the battery was withdrawn from the right bank of the Potomac and placed in the artillery reserve in the city of Washington, east of the Capitol. General Barry, who had been its commander after Duncan, and before Tidball, and who was the Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, was much inclined to favor his old battery; and caused it, as before stated, to be made a horse artillery battery, for the purpose of manœuvring with cavalry.

There was one feature in the case of our defeat at Bull Run which may be of interest to those not familiar with the true condition of affairs on that battlefield, and which occurred during the retreat of our Army from Bull Run to Centreville. It has been shown how the West Point battery, Griffin commanding, and Battery "I" of the First Artillery, Ricketts command-

ing, suffered in this action a very heavy loss both in men and horses — the guns of both batteries falling into the hands of the enemy. This, as before stated, was chiefly due to the fact that Griffin was not allowed to open fire upon a Confederate regiment, as he desired, because he was advised that this was a Union regiment and one of his battery supports. The point to which we would now make special reference is this: The right wing of our Army in the advance made a detour on a U-shaped line some ten miles or more in extent, while the distance from the start to the finish across the arms of the U was not more than a half mile. The men who had followed on the arms of the U in this advance did not, in fact could not, appreciate the real conditions of their march, and very naturally, when on the retreat, followed the road or roads by which they had advanced. So blocked were these roads by men and material that the enemy's cavalry could not penetrate the mass, but nevertheless greatly harassed the rear guard, a plucky little battalion of some two hundred regular infantry. After our troops had traversed a distance of some ten miles in retreat, the field batteries of the Confederate Army and their "Black Horse Cavalry" fell upon our flanks, and this indeed without having to make any advance whatever. The impression nevertheless created upon the minds of those in flight was, that they had been followed for ten miles or more; that the rear column was probably annihilated, and that this cavalry had cut its way through and was

closing upon the centre and even the head of the column. Such impression was, as all must agree, well calculated to throw even the very best troops into a panic. This attack of the Black Horse Cavalry was effected by simply fording Bull Run stream, or crossing over by one of its several bridges. The appearance of cavalry, under these circumstances, filled our troops with dismay, and on all sides the most exaggerated stories were told of the "terrible *Black Horse Cavalry.*"

It was perfectly clear to all, after the Bull Run disaster, that the light batteries were not suitable for outpost duty. The several sections of the batteries (two guns and caissons each) were placed at the front, on the picket line, where they actually constituted an objective for the enemy; inviting attack, which, except for the guns, would not have been made. No protection on the flanks of these advanced positions could be afforded, and the enemy in small force could readily have broken through our thin line, struck in by the rear and flank, and probably have captured the guns.

This condition was understood by the General commanding, but there were other things to be considered. Most of the remaining regiments of three months' men were far from reliable and needed a moral support, to be secured only by association with regular troops. With the exception of about two hundred men of the Third United States Infantry,* there were none of the Regular Army at the time available for service with the Army of the Potomac except those with the light

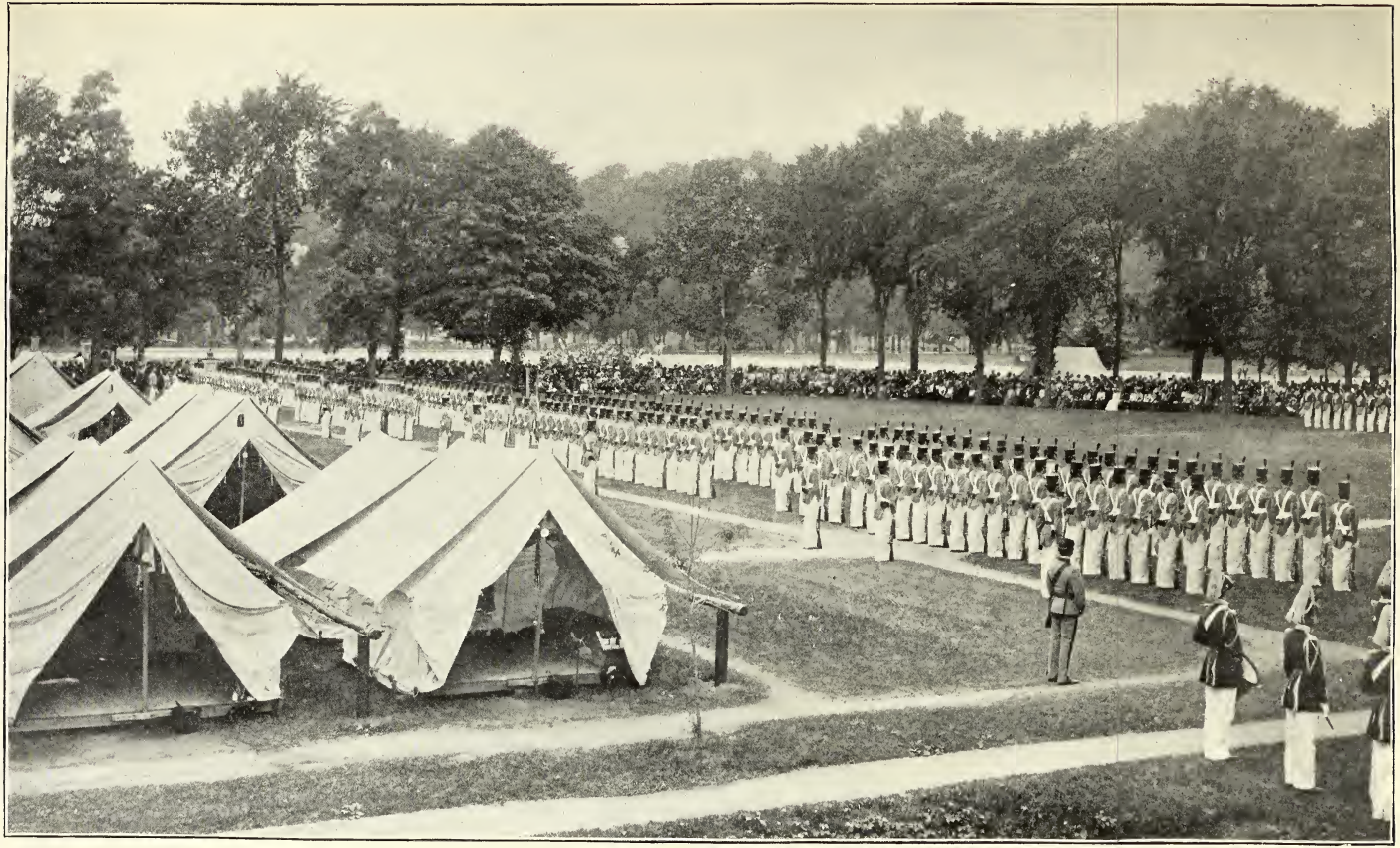
* Perhaps a few others.

batteries. Hence it was that instead of infantry being the support for artillery, artillery was made in fact to serve as a support for the infantry, a paradox indeed; and had we been in the presence of an enterprising adversary, warfare conducted on these lines would have been of short duration.

In order to keep the infantry at the front, it was necessary to make them feel that there was a *reason* for their being there, and the reason held out to them was the necessity for their remaining as supports to the batteries.

The writer remembers well the instructions given by Captain Tidball, who said, as a section of the battery was marching from park: "Remember, you must not lose your guns. Keep your prolonges always fixed, and be prepared to retreat at once if an attack is made upon you. Move by piece down the road and at the gallop. Halt your pieces at intervals and fire; pass pieces alternately; I will hear your guns, and will come to your aid; but, remember, you must *make no stand.*" "The infantry supports will desert you without doubt, and you will lose your guns if you don't follow my advice." This was indeed a trying duty, out at the extreme front, with instructions to keep in constant readiness for flight on the first appearance of the enemy.

The night of the very day these instructions had been given, the sergeant of the section reported that there was suspicion of the enemy's cavalry in the road on our immediate front. The guns were of course always in readiness and loaded with canister, but the can-



DRESS PARADE—VISIT OF CUBAN TEACHERS.

noneers were forced that night to stand to their guns awaiting an attack and for several hours.

The section at this time was enveloped in a heavy mist, the night being dark as pitch. Everything was held in readiness for flight, in accordance with instructions, but no attack was made. The conditions were indeed far worse than if it had been; since, in that case, we would have had something diverting — a *flying* artillery trip, and a *running* fight.

Several regiments near the permanent battery camp, whose time had expired, had threatened to return to their respective States. Conditions were such however that these troops could not be spared and the artillery was required, when not on outpost duty, to take post in threatening attitude, in front of the regimental camp-grounds. The instructions were, that if any attempt was made by the organizations to strike tents or break camp, to open upon them and rake their camps with canister.

It was reported that on one such occasion a regiment procured an old oxcart, and, in a spirit of derision, mounted a barrel upon it, facing the guns of the section. None of the regiments believed that we were there for business; and regarded our presence as a mere menace. Word was at once sent the colonel of the regiment that, if he did not have the cart removed, it would be cleared out with canister in short order.

Again, one of these disaffected regiments had been "marched" out for parade, and, after being formed in line, the adjutant gave a further command. Not

a man stirred; the command was repeated, and still the entire regiment stood in open mutiny. This condition of affairs was reported to the brigade headquarters, and summary action taken. A light battery was ordered out and the threat of a rain of canister soon brought the men to terms. We must here observe that, throughout the long years of our apparently endless conflict, the men who served with such zeal and courage were not "*three months' men.*"

There were many in the ranks of the volunteers who saw these things and understood them quite as well as we did, and as every one else now does — men who had the firmness of mind to stay where they were, fight the thing through, and give their lives without hope of glory. Regiments frequently surprised even themselves by their magnificent work; and on more than one occasion a general commanding has pointed to a certain regiment, and said: "There is a regiment to be depended upon in any emergency."

We want, for an army, men not too eager for a fight — patient and quiet men, always ready for any emergency. Men such as these are generally found in the Regular Army; they are just the same as other men, but they are disciplined; their will power, though not actually broken, is directed. As individuals, they may have no more courage than the undisciplined class; but, having entered the service for a long term and being thoroughly drilled (a majority expect to re-enlist), they are certain that they will get all the fighting they have bargained for, and are paid for, even before the beginning of a fight.

Our remarks apply equally as well to volunteers who are in for a long period of service, three years or more; in fact there should be no distinction between the private soldier of the regulars and the private soldier of the volunteers; he is made of the same stuff and is on the same footing. The rank and file of both organizations are recruited in the same way, and, if anything, the men of the volunteers ought to be of an order of intellect superior to that of the men in the ranks of the regulars, since they are men who *usually* command better wages in the ordinary walks of life. With an army conditioned as our army was at first, is it to be wondered at that much time was required to whip it into shape for active service?

McClellan, as a strategist, knew what the result would be, should he advance directly upon Richmond, retaining Washington City as his base.

He knew that every battle would be drawn; every victory achieved would find the opposing force on shorter lines, while his army would be farther and farther from its base, and with its front more and more extended. He studied the *map* as an engineer and strategist, and noted thereon streams, such as Bull Run, Acquia, Rapidan, Rappahannock, Matapony, Pamunky, North Anna, South Anna; or, better still, the rivers Potomac, York, and James.

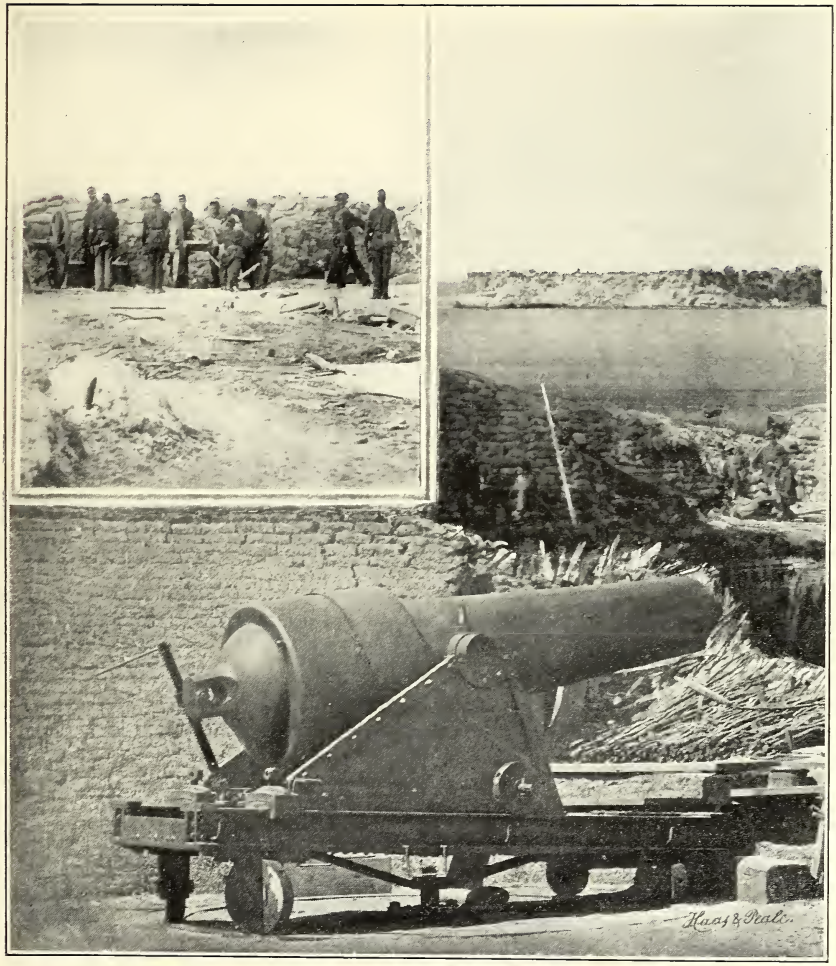
He realized at once that these watercourses were one and all defensive lines for any adversary if in retreat; all running to the Chesapeake on parallel lines and on lines at right angles to that which must be his

inevitable line of advance upon Richmond. He did then what all strategists would have done. He converted what otherwise might have been the enemy's lines of defense into lines of operation and supply for his own army, and this in the face of persistent and almost irresistible objections from no less a man than the Secretary of War, Stanton. He did more even than all this; his plot was well laid, and his enemy appreciated and feared him.* In the military profession the element of chance enters largely, and chance — not strategy, as his army at the time fully believed — defeated McClellan. He had his faults, grave ones too, and others better informed than the writer have made them quite clear. Here however there is this to be said, not only for those who have suffered in the past but for others yet to come who must, upon the battlefields of the future, command untrained and untried soldiers.

In the early days of any war in which our Nation embarks, there will inevitably be sacrifices of reputations, for which even our best young soldiers must be prepared, and this will ever continue until our people shall be brought to realize the consequences resulting from a state of unpreparedness for war.

Fortune's freaks in time of war are strange indeed, and our Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, and Schofield were themselves on the verge of that fate which overtook so many of their predecessors in command. Is there one to deny this fact?

* See footnote relating to the battle of Malvern Hill, Va., p. 162.



BATTERY C, 1ST ARTILLERY — FORT SUMTER DEMOLISHED. "SWAMP ANGEL" [BURST AND DISMOUNTED] 300 POUNDER PARROTT RIFLE.

CHAPTER VII

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON AND BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER

AN expedition, under command of Gen. Thos. W. Sherman, U. S. A. ("Tim" Sherman), set sail from Annapolis, Md., on October 21, 1861, convoyed by a fleet of naval vessels under command of Commodore Dupont.

The expedition arrived at Hampton Roads, Va., on the following day and put to sea on the 29th of October under sealed orders, arriving at Port Royal, S. C., on the 1st of November. Adverse winds and perilous storms were encountered, and several of the transports were delayed and two lost; the Winfield Scott had to sacrifice her whole cargo and the Roanoke a portion of hers to save the lives of the regiments on board.

The vessels of the naval fleet suffered much and some of them were lost.

Fort Walker, Hilton Head Island, was attacked on November 7th at 9:30, and, after being under an incessant fire of five hours from the fleet, with loss of ten killed and many of its garrison wounded, the fort was evacuated by the enemy.

"The armament of the fort consisted of one ten-inch Columbiad model, bored to a thirty-two pounder and rifled; one eight-inch Columbiad model, bored to a

twenty-four pounder; one eight-inch Columbiad; nine navy thirty-two pounders; three navy forty-two pounders; three navy eight-inch Howitzers; two twenty-four pounders; two forty-two pounders carronades, and two long English twelve pounders."

General Sherman, in speaking of this engagement, says: "I was a mere spectator of the combat, and it is not my province to render any report of this action, but I deem it an imperative duty to say that the firing and manœuvring of our fleet against that of the Rebels and their formidable land batteries was a masterpiece of activity and professional skill that must have elicited the applause of the Rebels themselves as a tactical operation. I think that too much praise cannot be awarded to the science and skill exhibited by the flag officer of the naval squadron and the officers connected with the ships. I deem the performance a masterly one, and it ought to have been seen to be fully appreciated. After the works were reduced I took possession of them with the land forces. The beautifully-constructed work on Hilton Head was severely crippled and many of the guns dismounted. Much slaughter had evidently been made there, many bodies having been buried in the fort, and some twenty or thirty were found some half a mile distant.

"The island for many miles was found strewn with arms and accoutrements and baggage of the Rebels, which they threw away in their hasty retreat. We have also come into possession of about forty pieces of ordnance, most of which is of the heaviest calibre and the

most approved models, and a large quantity of ammunition and camp equipage."

With Hilton Head Island and Beaufort on the mainland in our possession, Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah River captured April 11, 1862, the Union forces were as well established to break the enemy's line of communication along the coast as if Charleston or Sumter had been held by us.

It was however clear that there were other reasons why these latter points should succumb to the Union arms. The blockade of Charleston's fine harbor and the various inlets from the sea was not as effective as desired, and daily the low-lying blockade runners with raking mast and lead-colored hulls slipped in and out through the cordon of Union vessels in spite of the greatest vigilance.

The squadron had no searchlights in those days and the fogs hung heavy at times along that coast. It was however under cover of darkness that the blockade runners were most successful in entering and departing from the harbor. Probably the largest portion of the Confederate importations were effected through this channel.

It was therefore clear that some great effort must be made to stop this traffic, on the part of the Confederates, with both France and England, principally with the latter country.

A large fleet of monitors, together with the New Ironsides, had been ordered to assemble off this coast early in 1863. At that time this was the most for-

midable fleet in the world in point of *effectiveness* of battleships, and Admiral Dahlgren was honored with its command. He was required to co-operate with a land force under Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, in a combined attack upon Fort Sumter and the city of Charleston. There was still another and most important motive prompting these operations.

The country had always felt that the flag must be once again run up on the staff of Sumter and its garrison returned. This sentiment was so strong that the talk in the early days of the war was to preserve the original garrison of the fort, as far as practicable, and restore it to the fort.

The operations during the summer of 1863 may be said to have commenced as early as May of that year, and it was expected would not be so futile as earlier efforts had been in accomplishing the stated object. The purpose of the General commanding was to approach Charleston by way of the Sea Islands.

After effecting a lodgment on Folly Island and fortifying the same, work was commenced at the north end of the island, where extensive batteries were constructed and thirty-two rifled guns with fifteen mortars were placed in position. The Union lines were no more than eight hundred yards from the Confederate batteries on the south end of Morris Island, but an inlet between the two islands favored our operations. The principal work was done at night, in order that the purpose of the Union general might not be revealed to the enemy, and this was carried on with great secrecy,

the operations being performed expeditiously and without the use of horses and mules, lest the animals should by neighing or braying disclose our purpose.

On the afternoon of the 8th of July a demonstration in force was made by way of James Island, south of the city, which feint was most successful in causing the withdrawal of the bulk of the enemy's force from the fortifications on Morris Island lying south of Fort Sumter.

The very large force sent by way of James Island with a numerous collection of transports caused the enemy to mass his troops at that point to oppose the advance upon the city of Charleston.

The real purpose of the Union commander was to effect a landing on Morris Island, capture the batteries at the extreme south end of the island, and as soon as practicable move upon the formidable outworks, Forts Wagner and Gregg, the latter fort being at the extreme north end of the island and almost within pistol range of Fort Sumter. On the morning of the 9th of July the batteries were manned for action at 1 A. M., but for reasons not understood at the time the action was postponed until the following day.

Gen. Truman Seymour, the brigade commander, entered the batteries and expressed impatience that the signal gun had not been fired, and directed that we should "open on the enemy before he could clear for action," as by this time the embrasures had been cut away and disclosed our position.

In the hasty loading of the first or signal gun, a

projectile had been rammed down before the powder and with consequent missfire. The charge had to be withdrawn, the muzzle of the gun depressed, and the projectile run out. This caused delay, and when the gun was reloaded no aim or proper elevation was attempted, since this was simply the signal gun to "commence firing." A primer was hastily inserted in the vent and the gun fired; this, then, was the first shot from the Union batteries in the siege of Charleston. It so happened that a company of Confederate regulars was drawn up in line at reveille roll-call some two miles in the rear of their line of batteries, and that the signal gun projectile plowed its way through a dozen or more empty tents, to the consternation and dismay of the enemy, who had no thought of an attack at the time.

By a remarkable coincidence this first shot was fired from Battery "C" of the First Artillery, and the writer learned that it was the same battery stationed in Charleston Harbor in 1832, at a time on a day (1832) when the redhot shot batteries of Castle Pinckney had been prepared to open upon the city of Charleston.*

Orders from President Jackson were received not to provoke hostilities and therefore the contemplated attack was not made. Throughout the "Nullification Times" no intercourse was held between the inhabitants of the city of Charleston and the troops stationed in that harbor. It was not until a fire broke out in the city and after the United States troops had rendered valuable

* This battery was commanded at the time by a first lieutenant, who was the father of the officer commanding the battery when it fired the first gun in the siege of Charleston, July 10, 1863.

assistance in its extinguishment, that the good feeling between the inhabitants and the troops was restored.

It is a matter of history that the Tenth Army Corps in the Department of the South, after a prolonged siege during the eventful and trying summer of 1863, finally captured the whole of Morris Island, and demolished Fort Sumter, leaving it a mass of ruins, but still with the Confederate flag flying, though it was daily shot away.

The assault on Fort Wagner on July 18, 1863, was probably one of the most disastrous affairs, considering the number of troops engaged, of any during the war, excepting always the charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg.

The bombardment of Fort Wagner on this date by our fleet of monitors under Dahlgren, together with the gunboats and New Ironsides, was the most beautiful combined naval and army contest ever witnessed. The Union land batteries consisted of fifty siege guns, well placed, many of them of large caliber, and in position not far removed from Fort Wagner.* The bombard-

* General Seymour's official report of November 10, 1863, published in Official Records, War of the Rebellion, series I, volume XXVIII, part II.

* * * * * * * * *

The guns and material at the north end of Folly Island were transferred to Morris Island * * * and by the night of July 17th, in seven days, twenty-five rifled guns (ten, twenty, and thirty pounders) and fifteen siege mortars, with the large supplies required for their service, placed in position. This labor was performed under highly disadvantageous circumstances, under a broiling sun, with frequent heavy rains at night, under constant fire from the enemy's batteries, and at all times with very insufficient means of transportation.

ment of the fort was most destructive. The land batteries poured in a constant hail of shot throughout the day, while the monitors and the New Ironsides circled around on the water side of the fort, delivering fire from their fifteen-inch smooth-bore Dahlgrens as each in turn arrived at the firing point.

There were ten monitors moving on the inner, and a large number of wooden gunboats on the outer circle. Each monitor in passing delivered its shot in ricochet and then passed on, the shot skipping along the water and jumping into the fort. Ricochet was the only fire which was effective from the fleet, as direct shots buried themselves deep into the sand parapet, and, as it were, revetted the face of the fort, making it even stronger than before the shot had entered.

The fire from Wagner was very desultory toward the latter part of the day and it seemed as if the greater portion of the enemy had been driven from the fort and back on to his inner line, at Battery Gregg. Preparations were next in order to assault the fort after dark, the fire of the batteries and the fleet being persistently maintained before the assaulting column reached an indicated point, when a signal rocket admonished all Union guns to cease firing.

The column of assault, consisting of six thousand men, was drawn up along the beach about 5 P. M.; one of Putnam's New Hampshire regiments at the head of the column — Colonel Putnam, Lieutenant of the Corps of Topographical Engineers.

CONEJO VALLEY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

It was thought that the resistance of the enemy would not be great, as he must have suffered such casualties during the day as to have largely impaired his fighting strength, and therefore it was that Shaw's regiment (Massachusetts, colored), was advanced to the head of the column. This was to give these troops an opportunity to show what they could do for themselves under fire, and to correct what was hoped might be an erroneous impression, that the colored race could not be relied upon in action. In other words, there was to be an easy victory ahead, and the desire was to give prestige to colored organizations.

It is now well understood what colored troops can do in action since their conduct at Santiago, and their previous good work on the Plains. But these were thoroughly disciplined troops, whereas Shaw's soldiers were not well seasoned, although probably at the time the best of their kind.

The enemy during the day had retired to a bombproof that would comfortably accommodate two thousand men; here they were absolutely safe against the most destructive artillery fire, and certain it is, that no rain or hail of iron could have been more incessant than that poured upon the fort that day.

The Confederates had taken with them into the bombproof four twelve-pounder light artillery guns, and well knew what to look for after the bombardment. The stereotyped formula of the Union generals was, first bombard, and then assault, and the Confederates always laid low for the assault. Wagner was surrounded

by a deep ditch protected by abattis and *chevaux-de-frises* and there was no other approach to this fort except over a narrow neck of land, not much more than a company front in width, and over this the assaulting column must defile.

Gen. Truman Seymour, under Gilmore, with whom he was at the time serving, was in command of the assaulting column, which moved slowly up the beach in order not to arrive at the neck of land of which we have spoken, until after dark. The enemy noted the advance and preserved a dead and ominous silence in the fort. The fire both from the fleet and our land batteries ceased as the signal rocket shot up from the shore and was answered by another from the fleet.

For fully a quarter of an hour, the silence was unbroken save by the beating of the surf upon the beach. Just as the head of column reached the glacis of the fort, and our men were packed like sardines on the narrow neck, "Wagner" (before appearing as an ungainly and misshapen mass of sand) suddenly developed a fire along its entire parapet, and showed up as a perfect bastion fort, illuminated by incessant flashes of musketry and flash of artillery. Two thousand infantry with four guns as accessory concentrated their fire upon the packed mass of humanity blocked before them; now enveloped in darkness, illuminated only by the fire from the fort, which it was useless to return.

The colored regiment was down almost to a man and checked the advance of the other troops so effectu-

ally that Putnam was compelled to climb over them with his New Hampshire troops and then up and over the abattis, down into the ditch and over the side of the fort, where with two hundred of his men and with a small number of men from Shaw's regiment this gallant young officer encouraged them to hold on until reinforcements should arrive.

Fully fifty per cent of the entire assaulting column was placed *hors de combat* in less time than it takes to tell it, and it was found to be quite impossible to advance those who were left. The Confederates, seeing this, came out from the works and into the ditch of the fort surrounding the bastion, and the desperate hand-to-hand fighting which followed admitted of no quarter for the gallant Putnam and his brave followers. All were shot down in the bastion of the fort, and the dead were buried where they fell.

The repulse of our assaulting column was so complete and demoralizing that a mere handful of men following up the retreating, disorganized force could readily have driven this remnant of the Union Army into the sea. Order fortunately was restored by the following morning, as all stragglers congregated at their regimental camps, the tents of which had not been "struck."

General Seymour was badly wounded, so much so as to necessitate his leaving the Army by transport for the North, one of his aides was killed and another wounded in this action. Shaw, the gallant colonel of the Massachusetts colored regiment, laid down his life

on the parapet of the fort, and General Strong* of the volunteers, Captain of Ordnance, U. S. A., was killed. At a later period the fort was captured by the Union army, but only after prolonged siege operations, our saps† having been run to the very sally port of the fort. It was then found that the parapet and all the outworks of Wagner had been used as cemeteries for the dead; the removal of the least amount of sand revealing some limb of a human body.

Winter had set in and the major part of the command had been withdrawn from Morris Island, after the capture of the whole of the island and the destruction of Sumter. Headquarters were removed to Hilton Head, Port Royal Harbor. Those who had been hard worked during the summer had now a breathing spell.

The composite photogravure plate shows Sumter in its demolished condition in the distance, Fort Moultrie just beyond, and the "Swamp Angel" in the middle distance. This two-hundred-pounder Parrott burst on the seventeenth round, its shots having all reached the city of Charleston. Battery "C," First Artillery, which fired the first gun in these siege operations, is shown in the same plate, and a three-hundred-pounder Parrott in the foreground.

This latter gun was the most prominent one of the

* Strong and Putnam, killed in this action, had both been first captains of the Corps of Cadets.

† The man who ran the saps and lived, as it were, under constant fire for months, during the siege operations, was Lieut. Peter S. Michie, late Professor of Philosophy at the Military Academy.

group of so-called "Swamp Angels," used in the batteries before Forts Wagner and Sumter in the siege of Charleston, 1863–1864. The muzzle of this gun is shown to have been carried away with an irregular fracture by the premature explosion of a shell.

This irregularity so deflected the projectile that it became necessary to chip it off to an even bearing for the projectile as it left the bore.

To accomplish this it was necessary to call for a volunteer mechanic who would be willing to sit astride of the gun to do this work, within easy range of the enemy's batteries, and to operate under a constant fire of artillery and sharpshooters both night and day.

Some months after this the writer had occasion to again employ the same man, "Old Stray," for service at the ordnance depot of the Army of the Potomac. He was asked (in view of his being a German with but few months' residence in this country), "What motive prompted him to this deed of valor — certainly *not patriotism?*" He replied in broken English and in his native accent;— "*My hatred* of slavery!"

CHAPTER VIII

OFFICERS IN QUEST OF SPORT ON THE SKIRMISH LINE

THE scene has shifted. Headquarters of the department for the winter months has been transferred to Hilton Head Island, Port Royal Harbor. Active operations have been suspended on Morris Island, and the Army has gone into winter quarters.

When opportunity offered, many of the officers would run up by boat to the First Artillery camp, at Beaufort, and were always met at the wharf by Langdon, captain of Battery "M" of that regiment.

The coach which carried the visitors in state to the battery camp had been picked up by Langdon in the stable of an abandoned mansion of this charming old Southern town, and to match his colors its running gear had been painted red — in fact the best endeavor of all visitors to the artillery headquarters was to assist the captain and his officers to so paint the entire town.

In search of adventure, Langdon had learned that an "agent" had two or three carriages stored away in a neighboring stable. "The idea that a Gideonite should have a carriage lying idle, absolutely going to decay, while the poor First Artillery could ride only on horses, struck him as supremely ridiculous."

"A council of war was held at headquarters, with the

DEER STAND.

result that an order from competent authority was obtained for a carriage from that particular stable."

The best one was selected, conditioned upon its being fully repaired and painted.

And painted it was! (Here let us quote Captain Langdon, *as he writes*, but not literally.)* Hidden in a hospital tent for a few days from prying eyes, it emerged one sunny morning, the wheels, pole, and other parts of the running gear a fiery red, while the body was a sickly green, the whole glistening with a thick coat of varnish. The horses were hitched in, driver mounted on the box, and the four ranking officers drew near to enter and take the first ride to town.

"Employed by the officers' mess, as valets, were two young colored gentlemen about eighteen years of age, named 'London' and 'Jeff.' The former was of rather a sombre temperament; but Jeff was cheerful and spry, and graceful withal as a monkey. Behind the carriage was a small platform, which had suggested the propriety of having a footman to give tone to the equipage. For over a week Jeff had been secretly drilled and equipped for this conspicuous position. A close-fitting swallow-tailed coat of brilliant scarlet was set off with gilt buttons and velvet trimmings. A pair of sky-blue government breeches encased his legs to just below the knee, where they ended under the clasp of plated knee buckles, the rest of the legs being clad in coarse, gray woolen stockings. A white "plug" hat,

*As he writes of Beaufort, S. C., in Haskin's History of the First Artillery.

with fashionable half-mourning to establish a claim to respectability, surmounted his black face, and he wore the conventional Berlin gloves."

"Jeff had an unpleasant way of never being able to stand with his knees and heels touching at the same time, and when embarrassed, rather gave the preference to the knees. But as a footman he was on the whole a success."

"The coach of the First Artillery was seen nearly every day, after drill hours, going about to all parts of the island, and rapidly became a popular institution. The volunteers laughed and the Gideonites, as we denominated the teachers, ground their teeth, but they all talked and carried the story of the drag even to the sandy trenches of Fort Wagner."

"On an occasion when a distinguished general officer was to visit the battery camp Jeff and the drag went down to meet him, and to give additional éclat to the occasion, a bugler in his scarlet striped jacket was mounted beside the driver."

Langdon related a very amusing episode which had transpired the day before our arrival:

"The Eighth Maine was camped right across the road from the battery. Only half a dozen yards divided the camps. That regiment had in their camp-ground a fine, tall flagstaff. But like the carriage, in its original condition it sadly needed painting. There was no flagstaff in the battery grounds, and that the American colors should float over a volunteer regiment and not over the First Artillery was a thorn in the flesh of the

First Artillery. It was determined in council not only to secure a flagstaff, but to get that particular one. The Eighth Maine was at that time a kind of 'Happy Family.' Scarcely a week passed without some poor devil getting in arrest, and at last the colonel himself was reported arrested. This was the moment chosen by the emissaries for fraternizing with the party out of favor with the colonel. The disaffected were made warm friends and lent themselves to the project."

How it was done Captain Langdon did not know, but at sundown the previous evening the weather-beaten flagstaff was standing in the Eighth Maine camp; and the morning of this recital it was gone, and in the battery camp stood one strangely like it, but freshly painted and flying a brand new garrison flag. There gathered "that afternoon a gay party of ladies and gentlemen to celebrate the flag-raising in the First Artillery camp."

After supper there was a grand jollification in which all joined in the "cake walk;" plantation ditties with the darkies, and they in turn helped us out in chorus to "Benny Havens, Oh!"

"To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret, as o'er life's sea we roam;
Until on our last battle-field the light of Heaven shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, Oh! Oh! Benny Havens, Oh! etc."

It were a long story to tell, of the good times at the camp of Battery M, First United States Artillery, located in the very heart of Beaufort town. As the winter

months approached and hostilities had been suspended on Morris Island, it seemed by no means a bad plan for the officers to organize for a deer hunt. The islands along the coast, the Sea Islands, were known to abound in deer and small game, and prior to the war were used as hunting preserves by the planters and their sons. No sport of that kind had been indulged in by them for several years, as " they were out for other game."

There was promise here for relaxation and enjoyment after an arduous summer campaign. Morris Island, with its forts, Wagner and Gregg, was in our possession, and Sumter reduced to a mass of ruins, unrecognizable as a fort, but revetted as it were with iron on its land side — iron projectiles.

As headquarters had retired to Port Royal Harbor for the winter the time seemed propitious for the long-talked-of hunt.

A week off duty meant that a number of the commissioned officers of the Union Army would start from Hilton Head in a steam tug, and cross over Port Royal Harbor to find a footing on the Sea or Hunting Islands lying in a belt along the outer coast.

It was arranged that we should land at a certain deserted plantation, where the negroes held possession, and there be joined by the negro hunters with their hounds.

Since there was little, if any, hunting on these preserves during the war it was expected that the game would be plentiful.

The old darkies on the plantation where we landed viewed our coming much as did the aborigines of the Continent the landing of Christopher Columbus, and we were heartily welcomed by these simple souls. A supper had been prepared in advance of our anticipated arrival, consisting of venison, waffles, Maryland biscuit, and other good things in the preparation of which the negro cook excels. Here, occupied by a large family, was a cabin, consisting of but one room, as all, including pickaninnies, sleep on straw. The fire blazed high, as only the "light wood" fire of the Carolinas can.

There were not less than fifty spectators at the royal feast, and these enjoyed the entertainment quite as much as did the visitors their good supper, and the novelty of the situation.

A few hours later we were winding our way by devious route through the creeks of the swamp, in a large plantation boat supplied with ten or a dozen double sets of row-locks, a darky for each pair.

In the bow of the boat an equal number of hounds were crouched and in the "stern sheets" muffled in blankets and capes, the officers were lulled to sleep by the darkies' old plantation melodies, keeping time to the stroke of the oar.

Phosphorescence glided off in silvery masses from the oar blade, and by the light of a full moon the weird scene required but slight stretch of imagination to suggest thoughts of voyaging in some other world.

On arriving at our destination, after midnight, we

set about preparing a temporary resting-place for the few remaining hours of the night. Then it was that the light wood blazing up shed its warm and glowing light upon the rich verdure of the tide-water swamp, where grow the cypress, live oak, loblolly pine, tupelo, and magnolia festooned all with Spanish moss. After a few hours' rest we were up and off at early dawn to start the hounds, and Uncle Daniel, our chief guide, placed us at the stands. Here we were surrounded on all sides by evergreen masses of canebrake, sweet myrtle, and the bay bedecked with yellow jessamine. Where else, if not here, should we find the home of the deer and other wild creatures of the forest?

The deer are numerous on the islands of the Carolinas, and the Virginia deer, like other nocturnal animals, are rarely seen in the daytime unless disturbed, or in threatening weather, and always walk at night.

They browse on the buds and evergreen shrubs of the native swamps, and at times do not disdain to visit the cultivated field, if any be at hand. At sunrise the deer selects a spot for its daily nap — one well sheltered if the day is cold, or shaded if the day is warm. The habits of this deer give the cue to those who hunt it; and since, in its nocturnal wanderings in search of food, it leaves its scent about the bushes and the grass for hours after, a " cold trail dog " will take this scent and follow till he finds the animal asleep.

One such hound will lead a pack, the other dogs well understanding the meaning of his occasional yelp, and hunting of this kind develops woodcraft and a habit

of "o'bobsovervation" (as "Uncle Tom" would say) little short of marvelous in those of African descent, whose forefathers were imported two centuries ago.

There was one of this type with our party, one who smiled at the other darkies, and this cynical old fellow, Uncle Daniel, was of course our guide.

In his veins there ran a taint of the Seminole, mixed with the native African blood, and often did he astonish us throughout the hunt by his unerring judgment in pursuit of the game.

Like the dog of the "cold trail," so it was with Uncle Daniel, and we soon learned that from the voices of the dogs he could tell at once just where the deer would run; indeed the old man seemed to be gifted with the voice of the prophet.

His predictions never failed, and so certainly were they realized that there was no suggestion even of chance or coincidence.

When on the "stand," his vision was like that of the hawk, and no motion missed his keen eye; his ear noted and recognized sounds that made not the slightest impression on others, and his hunter logic excelled that of the mathematician.

A fact well understood about the Virginia deer is that, when roused in the day and chased by the dogs, they leave the woods by regular paths. These paths in the Adirondacks are known as "deer runs." The hunters take "stands" at intervals, and usually some one or other of the party gets a shot; not always however with the certainty of killing, though he may hit

the animal. When on this hunt, we found ourselves at times sitting out all day long without other companions than the birds and minor beasts, listening for the yelp of the hounds, but for long hours hearing nought save the chatter of the squirrel, the scream of the hawk, the pecking of the woodpecker, and other sounds of the virgin forest; to be suddenly awakened by the deep note of a hound, followed in a few moments by a burst of music from the whole pack in full cry.

Now is your wish to be realized! On they come — nearer and nearer — while you scarcely move or breathe; one slightest motion and your chance for a shot has gone.

Ah! here he comes, with horns thrown back and head and shoulders set as the race horse at the winning post; out from the thicket with the speed of the lightning express he bolts.

Now, keep dead still; the animal's mind is on the dogs; he is coming straight at you; but, as you step forward to take aim, he sees the movement and swerves so quickly to the left that your shot has missed, and he is out of range before you can recover.

At times we wait in vain, and the voices of the dogs, at first so near, gradually die away, and with them go our hopes; then, when really discouraged and ready to give up, suddenly the note is heard again and turned our way, when back to the stand we run, pulses bounding and nerves strained to the utmost tension. We hear the crackle of the cane with eye glued to the spot, and what do we see? Not a single deer, but a buck

and a doe, bounding as if to show their powers and defying a ten-rail fence.

Oh, such a sight! They think not of us, and every leap brings them nearer and nearer. Such specimens of their kind, and now we have time to study them; they are "playing before the dogs," and thinking of nothing else. Already we are measuring those horns, and thinking how they will look upon our wall as we sight along the barrel of the gun. Fire! down goes the buck, but up again and off before we can think to fire the second barrel, so sure are we that the first has killed. In despair the second barrel is fired, when it seems as if there could be no hope; but to our amazement the buck has gone down; our first shot was not so bad after all, and when we reach the spot, there, at our feet, is one of the finest bucks we had ever the good fortune to see.

Having had but little sleep the night before, and being assured by Uncle Daniel that the hounds and deer were off and away, it was useless to continue the hunt that day; and it was concluded to pitch the tent that we had brought along with us and one or two of the large paulins for shelter tents, and to get ourselves in comfortable shape for the week's hunt on this and the neighboring islands. In other words, to establish a temporary camp for headquarters.

We had brought a steward (an Englishman), with us from a vessel of the blockading squadron. And while assured that he was a first-class cook and a good provider, we were told that we must look out for him, as

" he could smell a jug of rum forty miles below the surface of the earth." Now, the principal difference between Sullivan and the rest of the party was this, that, whereas we took our rum on the installment plan, he was very apt to lay in a wholesale supply, following the custom of the Indian messenger, who if given a week's supply of food sits down and eats it all at once, draws a strap tight around his waist to stop digestion, and then starts upon his trip at the dog-trot. This works fairly well for eatables, but for drinkables the practice finds a failing case.

The warning given us invited a council of war to determine how or where we should locate our commissariat, and how, having located it, we were to maintain our line of communication without discovery.

All were up bright and early the following morning, and at selected " stands " in the woods. The hounds on the previous day had " rattled " most of the deer and the herds were scattered. In fact the deer appeared to be running wild, the hounds first on one trail and then on another.

An incident of this day's hunt quite impressed the writer. He seemed to be surrounded by the hounds — right in their very midst — and was sure that the deer might show himself at any moment. On the instant in rushed one of the darkies, calling out: " Standing thar! standing thar, Lieutenant!" " Where? " " Standing thar! standing thar! " Great Heavens! we

thought, the deer is standing still and we can't see him, and surely he'll not stand there long in this cyclone. On rushed the darky, still shouting, "Standing thar! standing thar, Lieutenant!"

Here we were with a deer standing still to be shot at and to lose our chance from being blind; the deer would surely escape before we could get a shot at it. The cracks of rifles were heard all around and about, and it was certain that several deer were being killed by the party. In fact, that evening three deer were brought into camp — a buck and two does.

When the writer got hold of the darky who had come upon him during the hunt, he asked him, "Where in God's world was that deer standing when you shouted?" He replied, "Thar warnt no deah standin'; de deah was runnin'." "Why did you tell me he was *standing?*" "I tole you, Lieutenant, 'To stan' thar yo'self, an' keep on dat stan'; de deah was acomin' right fur you!"

There was considerable contention that night as we sat around our board at supper (the board being a canvas laid out on the ground) as to who shot the buck. Three claimed to have brought him down. Two rifle bullets were certainly found in the deer's body, bullets not from the same rifle.

To stop the altercation, one of the party said he was reminded of a story of an old darky who was working a stone quarry down in Virginny "befo' de war." "Uncle Robert, how are we getting on?" said the young master, as he rode up: "Dar you go agin, Marse Ned: 'How is *we* gittin on?' You remins me of a

passel of coons dat went out huntin' in Sou' Car'liny. 'Long Sam' wen' 'long wid dem, an' dey 'ranged demselves 'round de swamp, an' put in de dogs, when putty soon sumthin' moved. Long Sam ups wid his rifle an' down draps sumthin'.

"Den dey all shouted, 'Ain' we lucky; dun got one already.'

"Long Sam sez, 'No *we* 'bout dis, pleas; I dun shot dat deah.'

"An' when dey got up to what dey s'posed was de deah, lo! and behol'! dar was Marse Richard's pet colt, what he got out of dat mar' he brought down from Richmon' last yeah. An' Long Sam sez, 'Boys, ain' *we* jes played hell?' 'No *we* 'bout dis,' sez de boys, '*you* dun shot *dat colt*.' Now, Marse Ned, *I'ze* wurkin' dis 'ere stun quarry, an' *we'z* only gittin' on *middlin'!*"

It was far into the shades of night before it could be finally determined which one of the *we's* was to have the deer. A similar animated dispute was going on at the darkies camp fire, and so we wandered over to get a share of their fun: "Dar you go — dar you go agin wid you' lies, you brack nigga, you; tell me dat any deah gwine to cum up to you an' let you ketch him by de leg; go home; don' cum talkin' like dat to me." "What's the matter?" we said. "Why," says the speaker, "he's dat nigga tellin' 'bout a doe an' a yea'lin' cummin' right up to him and he stan'in' still widout breadin' an' de deah takin' him for a stump ob a tree. Den he kotch de yea'lin' by de leg an' dis yea'lin' drag dis lyin' nigga a haf mile."

"Dars dat oder nigga; dars mo' truff in his story.

"He sez dat a doe got up an' jes' kin' ob walked 'way lookin' at him, an' he didn' shoot kase he was sartin' shur' dat dar was a 'buck' 'roun' dar sumwhars. 'Putty soon one start up,' so this nigga sez, an' he didn' see nuthin' but a streak of light and he fired in de air and sumthin' stopped an' turned ober, jes' like the water-wheel down at de mill; den he saw it was a 'buck.' He killed dat 'buck,' dis nigga sez, but he got 'way from him kase de dogs wouldn' go in arter him, and Uncle Daniel sez dat's a fac', dat de dogs won' take you to de deah when de deah is dead. All de same, Lieutenant, I b'lieb dis nigga's lyin', an' he neber killed de 'buck,' he say he did."

Here is another little matter which must not be overlooked.

Sullivan had been left during the hours of the hunt all alone in camp, and was the only one "at home to visitors."

A Virginia deer, tempted to a dangerous precinct by the demon curiosity, walked in upon Sullivan. Sullivan, "get your gun," was the first thought suggested, but he later acknowledged to a bad case of "buck ague." He seized a double-barrel shotgun in the ecstasy of the moment and gave the visitor a parting salute and a good sprinkle of bird shot. In his endeavor to overtake the deer he ran upon a flock of ducks, all of which took to the wing, with the exception of a solitary diver, "whereby hangs a tale." As the diver very imprudently left the water and took to

flight, Sullivan winged him just at the instant that a valuable bird dog belonging to one of the party came upon the scene.

Attracted by the report of the gun, and seeing the wounded diver, the dog plunged in after it, and, to the dismay of Sullivan, started out to sea with the bird well in the lead. Sullivan watched the chase until the diver was out of sight, but the dog kept on; it appearing to Sullivan, a mile or so away, still following the bird, until both were entirely lost to view.

Sullivan was much demoralized at the possible loss of this valuable dog which had been left in his charge; but some hours later, the animal returning, laid at his feet what was left of the diver. He thought he would put it out of misery by wringing its neck, but in attemping to do so found it hard and tough as rubber, so that this feat, not being accomplished, the bird was thrown aside to let nature take its course. Later on it was found to have quite revived; after this its leg was fastened by a string to a tree and the diver was held in captivity by Sullivan until his return to his vessel in the blockading squadron.

Sometime after the diver was dubbed "Hanks." — "Hanks," the mascot — and soon became quite a favorite with the sailors. With his wings well clipped and "given a little rope" in the water, "Hanks" remained alongside the ship in the day and came aboard at night. After awhile he became so attached to the vessel and its crew that without the rope combination he followed her around as she cruised from port to port,

and came aboard at the meal hour bugle call and at "taps." For years after the war and the deer hunt Sullivan and "Hanks" were inseparable companions.

Any one can see that this is a *wild duck* story, and therefore of necessity must be a *little fishy*.*

Whatever may be said of Sullivan as a hunter, his accomplishments in the culinary department had a most important bearing, as we shall see. Several deer were wounded on the third day and two more were brought in, making six in all, if we include those shot on the previous days. A fine chance offered this day and we brought down a doe, but only after experiencing a bad attack of "buck ague." Placed by Uncle Daniel at what was known to be the best stand on the island, it was not long after the hounds were put in the woods that their baying grew more and more distinct and satisfied us that the deer would soon make its appearance. There flitted across the swamp, from the line of woods to a clump of trees in the middle of the swamp, something akin to birds or swallows, rising and falling in their flight as they follow one another, but so close was this to the swamp grass as to be very suspicious. Here the writer ran forward with gun at full cock, in a state of excitement, believing this might be a deer, leaping as he ran. Scarcely had he reached a position some three hundred yards in advance of the stand before a large buck passed over the very spot which had

* We have in this instance to acknowledge valuable assistance from John Paine, Esq., who is well acquainted with our friend Hanks. Contemporaries, no doubt.

been abandoned, and got away without a shot being fired. At the same instant, from out of the clump of trees in the swamp, a doe bounded foward, head on, and received an entire charge of buckshot in her breast. The doe fell forward, turned a somersault, but, picking herself up, started away at high speed. The second barrel was fired, but, as the sequel showed, without effect. After this the chase began. On came the dogs in full cry, following up the deer for quite a distance until she turned at bay. Here a valuable gun stock was smashed into smithers (a borrowed gun), and someone had to pay heavily for this day's fun. Before returning to camp a drizzling, chilly rain set in late in the afternoon and soaked us all to the skin.

Ah! well, there was the comfort of a good hot supper in store, but on approaching the camp Sullivan's tent flaps were closed and tied up hard and fast. This was quite significant, and it soon became clear that the camp commissariat had been discovered. There had been originally a good supper prepared, but it was now spread over the floor of Sullivan's tent — a chicken or two, several omelets, a hunk of butter, and other delicacies, all of which might have contributed to the inner comforts of a wet and mud-bedraggled party:— a bad "spread" indeed was this and on the ground floor of Sullivan's tent. Making the best we could of the unfortunate business, we shook up Sullivan, who, on recovering himself, somewhat, set to work, with the assistance of the darkies, to prepare a second edition of his work.

That evening, while we were indulging in a game of

cards, Sullivan, the more fully to reassure us as to his sobered condition, requested " the gentlemen, before retiring to be kind enough to *turn down* the candle."

We had other game on the islands—squirrels, rabbits, ducks and curlew — and were arranging for a hunt of this kind when one of the darkies suddenly rushed into our tent and said that he was sure that some of the gentlemen from Charleston were near at hand, that he had seen their camp-fires, and there were at least a dozen in the party. This was very suggestive of Andersonville Prison. One thing was quite certain, and that was that our hunt must abruptly end, as the presence of white men on the islands would certainly have attracted the attention of the late arrivals. It was suggested however that the darkies of the party should continue the hunt with the hounds and keep in touch with the officers only so far as practicable, and that the officers should make a detour and get off on their own hook as best they might, the darkies joining them if possible at the boat landing. The retreat was in this way successfully effected, and in the course of twenty-four hours we were all safely landed at the plantation where the tugboat was in waiting to carry the party back to Port Royal Harbor.

CHAPTER IX

THE FINAL CAMPAIGN OF THE CIVIL WAR

ABOUT the time of the transfer of the Tenth Army Corps from the Department of the South to the Army of the James, the principal supply depot of the Army of the Potomac was established at City Point, Virginia.

In a previous chapter brief reference has been made to McClellan's plan of campaign, followed by operations against Richmond, with base of supply first at White House on the York River, and later with base at Harrison's Landing, James River.

The plan of overland march was not at that time adopted for reasons already given, and foreign military critics agree that McClellan's course was by far the best that he could then have pursued.

His change of front and change of base from White House to the James was a masterly stroke, resulting, as it did, in well establishing his Army and terminating the seven days' contests in final victory at Malvern Hill.* When Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant assumed command of the eastern armies and took the field in person with Meade as his lieutenant, the force with which he had to cope consisted of some sixty-seven thousand

* See foot note, pages 161 and 162, giving details of this battle. In this same connection, see also note reference on page 112.

CADETS AS INFANTRY ON PRACTICE MARCH.

well-conditioned veteran soldiers and two hundred and twenty-four guns under the command of Robert E. Lee.

Grant's main object was to capture Lee's Army, and incidentally the Capital of the Confederacy. With a total force of one hundred and twenty-two thousand men and three hundred and sixteen guns* he determined to march directly against his adversary, and as the sequel showed, he arrived at or near the same point that McClellan had finally established as his base, and City Point, Va., became General Grant's base of supplies and the James River his line of communications.

The combined operations of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James, striking the enemy simultaneously front and rear, greatly facilitated the advance of the Army of the Potomac by the overland route. And yet even while so operating, Grant's losses were enormous. In the two months during which the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Drury's Bluff, Totopotomoy, Cold Harbor, and the Battle of the Mine at Petersburg were fought, his losses aggregated in killed and wounded alone some fifty thousand men, whilst the exhausting effect of this campaign, the country being low and marshy, showed itself in an immense sick list of malarial diseases. The Confederate Army had one great advantage, its personnel was inured to the climate, and furthermore the enemy operated always on interior lines and near his base.

It would be safe to say that Grant's force was depleted fifty per cent., as against a depletion in the ranks of his

* Army of the Potomac, one hundred thousand; Army of the James, twenty-two thousand. Burnside's Corps increased Grant's available force by twenty thousand men.

adversary of not more than thirty per cent. up to the time a lodgment was effected by the Union Army on the south bank of the James River at City Point, Va. The strength of the opposing armies in July, 1864, may be reckoned at seventy thousand and forty thousand men, and in favor of the Union Army.

Grant, as he had the right to do, counted upon large reinforcements to be obtained by conscription, whereas the losses of his adversaries from day to day could no longer be compensated.

The Rebellion was "on its last legs," so to speak, and the game, with loss of four or even six to one, could be played with impunity by the commander of the Union armies. It is next in order to refer to certain incidents of the campaign brought under the personal notice of the writer.

The cause of the explosion of one of the numerous barges at City Point, Va., on August 9th, was not ascertained until the trial of the assassins of President Lincoln, when the work was traced to the torpedo bureau at Richmond. A clock-work torpedo was placed in the barge by a negro emissary and so regulated as to explode between the hours of 12 and 1 P. M., an hour when it was assumed that the laboring force would be absent for dinner. The object, as later disclosed, was not to destroy human life, but to lay waste the depot of supplies of the Union armies. Gen. Rufus Ingalls, in his annual report, dated September 28, 1865, says: "On the 9th of August, near noon, there occurred a fearful explosion in the midst of the City Point depot,

CADETS EQUIPPED AS CAVALRY ON PRACTICE MARCH.

killing and wounding some two hundred and fifty employees and soldiers, throwing down over six hundred feet in length of warehouses, and tearing up some one hundred and eighty linear feet of the wharf.

"It was found that a barge laden with ordnance stores had been blown up. Immense quantities of shot and shell were thrown into the air and much of it fell into the encampment of the Lieutenant-General, wounding however only one, Colonel Babcock, of his staff. The Lieutenant-General himself seems proof against the accidents of flood and field."

It was assumed at the time that this explosion was the result of accident and the wreck of the ordnance material was cleared up and removed to a point well away from the central point of the general depot.

General Grant reported "Every part of the yard used as my headquarters is filled with splinters and fragments of shell. I do not know yet what the casualties are beyond my own headquarters. Colonel Babcock is slightly wounded in hand and one mounted orderly killed and two or three wounded and several horses killed.

"The damage to wharf must be considerable both in life and property."

As is not unusual, after any tragic event, many were the stories told of hairbreadth escapes. The Fifth Cavalry officers with Grant's escort at headquarters were having a quiet "little game" with Clitz of the Navy holding "a full" and holding it so fast that when the cyclone struck the party and dropped Clitz some

twenty feet or more away, behind a barrel, there he sat, still gripping his cards and ready to go on with the game.

A darky riding up the hill on a mule was seen for the last time and the quartermaster was short one mule, but the saddle was recovered on the ridge pole of a tent some quarter of a mile or so away. A clerk in the office on the bluff had a shell pass through the wall and over his head, but as he fled across the yard, when escaping through a back window, he was struck in the neck by another shell and killed outright.

Under date, Richmond, June 3, 1865, Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck writes the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: "I have just received the original official report of John Maxwell of the Rebel Secret Service, of the blowing up of the ordnance stores at City Point, last year. It appears that the explosion was caused by a horological torpedo placed on the barge by John Maxwell and R. K. Dillard." The following is an extract from the report of John Maxwell above referred to, and is interesting in connection with the facts before given relative to an occurrence of a very exceptional nature: "On arriving in Isle of Wight County, on the 2d of August, we learned of immense supplies of stores being landed at City Point, and for the purpose, by stratagem, of introducing our machine upon the vessels there discharging stores, started for that point. We reached there before daybreak on the 9th of August last, with a small amount of provisions, having traveled mostly by night and crawled upon our knees to pass the east

MOUNTAIN GUN BATTERY.

picket line. Requesting my companion to remain behind about half a mile I approached cautiously the wharf, with my machine and powder covered by a small box. Finding the Captain had come ashore from a barge then at the wharf, I seized the occasion to hurry forward with my box. Being halted by one of the wharf sentinels I succeeded in passing him by representing that the captain had ordered me to convey the box on board. Hailing a man from the barge I put the machine in motion and gave it in his charge. He carried it aboard. The magazine contained about twelve pounds of powder. Rejoining my companion, we retired to a safe distance to witness the effect of our effort. In about an hour the explosion occurred. Its effect was communicated to another barge beyond the one operated upon and also to a large wharf building containing their stores (enemy's), which was totally destroyed. The scene was terrific, and the effect deafened my companion to an extent from which he has not recovered. My own person was severely shocked, but I am thankful to Providence that we have both escaped without lasting injury. We obtained and refer you to the inclosed slips from the enemy's newspapers, which afford their testimony of the terrible effects of this blow. The enemy estimates the loss of life at fifty-eight killed and one hundred and twenty-six wounded, but we have reason to believe it greatly exceeded that. The pecuniary damage we heard estimated at four million dollars, but, of course, we can give you no account of the extent of it exactly."

Gen. Rufus Ingalls, U. S. A., in his report for the years 1864–1865, says further that: "On the evening of the 23d of January, 1865, it was known that the Rebels were apparently preparing to make a raid down the James with their fleet of ironclads and wooden boats for the purpose of destroying our depots on the river, particularly that great one at City Point, where supplies had been accumulated and stores to meet the wants of the armies in case the James River and northern ports should be closed by ice. The weather was already very inclement, and the Potomac and Delaware were then, or shortly afterward, rendered entirely unnavigable by ice.

"Early on the 24th the Rebel fleet approached our obstructions, and one of the ironclads passed them, but the one following got foul upon them. Our batteries made obstinate resistance, and blew up one of the smaller gunboats. Our men even were led with great effort to the bank of the river, and poured volleys of musketry into the ram that had passed the obstructions. The Navy at that point were not prepared at the moment for any effective resistance. Had the Rebels persisted at that time they could, had they succeeded, have inflicted upon us incalculable losses, the result of which no one can pretend now to estimate; but most fortunately for us they abandoned the raid and retired to their former position. Two or three days later it was impossible for these boats to make a descent. The Navy was thoroughly prepared, and I had sent, by order of the Lieutenant-General, my aide-de-camp, Bvt. Capt.

J. W. French, Eighth Infantry, up the river with vessels laden with coal, who sunk two on the night of the 25th to fill up the gap made in the obstructions. He performed this service under the enemy's guns with great gallantry."

A correspondent with the Army thus writes: "The extent of the depot at City Point, necessary to supply an army of one hundred thousand or more men, may be imagined as well perhaps as it can be described. It consisted of a levee, which in its whole continuous length was one range of solid and substantial frame buildings; the levee itself in length and width being of proportions enough to remind one almost of that at New Orleans, while the network of railway tracks crossing and recrossing each other, the jetties thrown out to meet the river in every direction would not disgrace a San Francisco or Chicago in the brightest days of its youth.

"In passing from one to the other of the barges and vessels of the Ordnance Depot the huge hatches removed showed field ammunition in unlimited abundance.

"Hotchkiss and Schenkle shells and projectiles, Parrots, Absterdams, case, and canister in most suggestive quantities."

Reference to this new type of projectile brings to mind a query propounded by Abraham Lincoln when visiting the Army on a tour of inspection. When passing through the depot of supplies, he pointed to one of the boxes marked with its contents and inquired "What is the difference, Captain, between an Absterdam projectile and any other damn projectile?" and then ab-

ruptly turning to a rack of harness; "Why is it," he said, "that they say 'Sorrow leaves its traces behind,' but they never say anything about the other parts of the harness?" "Mr. President," this officer replied, "for my part I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and *spurred* to ride, and millions ready *saddled* and *bridled* to be ridden." "Ah! I see, Captain," said the President, "you 'kick over the traces.'"

Not many weeks after this conversation on a bright April morning, near the noon hour, from a seat just in front of the superintendent's quarters at West Point, the officer referred to noticed the lowering of the flag at an unusual hour, to half staff. He remarked at the time, but without knowing, "Abraham Lincoln has been assassinated!" Thirty-six years thereafter, as this officer was standing near the same spot, the battalion of cadets, when forming for parade, was suddenly dismissed, and in a few moments thereafter the flag dropped to half staff. What does that mean? every one asked. It meant that President McKinley had met with the fate that befell Abraham Lincoln.

This was the evening of the day President McKinley had been shot and a rumor had reached the Point that he was dead.

Shortly after Lincoln's death this same officer was observing the battalion of cadets at drill; it was a bright autumnal afternoon, not a cloud to be seen. Suddenly a flash and terrific peal of thunder — a tree just in front

DUTCH GAP CANAL, VA., 1864.

of the general parade ground was struck and the whole battalion received a shock; several men being carried away prostrate. "A bolt out of a clear sky," and for the third time.

Brig.-Gen. Peter S. Michie, Chief Engineer of the Army of the James, and the Ordnance Officers of the Army were charged with the work of opening the Dutch Gap Canal. A photogravure plate shows the work in a state of progress and before the bulkhead was blown out.

This work, it was expected, when accomplished, would reduce by seven miles the route by water to Richmond, thus avoiding the formidable Confederate batteries at Drury's Bluff, and compelling the enemy to withdraw his gunboats at that point.

The mine was prepared and the bulkhead (two million cubic feet of earth) blown *up*, but, unfortunately, not blown *out;* so that, in point of fact, as a military work this was a failure, although from a commercial standpoint it has proved to be a great success.

Not far from the headquarters at City Point the Confederate cavalry broke through our lines and drove off a very large herd of cattle. The unfortunate experience had at the time with the Spencer rifle (a breech-loader) by the regiment guarding the cattle was such as to confirm the objection to the breech-loading system and give point to the argument that if men can fire too

readily and too quickly the arm will become a useless incumbrance,— and would be thrown away by troops in retreating.

By way of retaliation for making way with the cattle our cavalry was sent out to scour the country south of the James River, within a radius of fifty miles of City Point. The orders were to bring in everything on the hoof, dead or alive.

An officer of the Fifth Cavalry found when on this raid at a farmhouse but one cow, the only property of this kind left, and a young mother entirely dependent upon it for the food for her infant.

He was compelled, under his orders, to take possession of the animal, but invited the young woman with her child in arms to ride behind him for some distance until he could communicate with his senior in command, and obtain permission to purchase the cow, and nothing, he said, ever gave him more pleasure than the return of the animal to its original owner.

One other officer of the raiding party found a farmhouse filled in its upper story with barrels of applejack. These he ordered broken open and the contents spilled, as he wished to keep his troopers in condition to get back to camp. Passing a door on the lower floor he discovered his men in a room walking around with heads thrown back and mouths wide open catching the liquor as it filtered through the ceiling.

Speaking of applejack reminds us: Eight light batteries were camped at Brandy Station, Va., in December, 1863, Major Füger, then lieutenant of the

Fourth Artillery, had a rare experience with one of his corporals, Stewart by name, who had taken an overdose of this beverage. It appears that Stewart, who joined the battery November, 1861, had, by his good conduct, strict attention to duty, and his intelligence, been made a corporal. He was considered, without exception, one of the best noncommissioned officers in the battery; but, unfortunately for him, on a day in the month of January, 1864, he got hold of some vile *applejack;* and, although he did not appear to be intoxicated, yet, while under its influence, he equipped himself with his revolver and threatened every one who approached him.

The sergeant of the guard reported the facts of the case to Lieutenant Füger, who buckled on his sabre and revolver, and arrested the corporal. The corporal became so violent and abusive that he was tied up to a spare wheel (quite the custom in those days), a process generally described as "spread eagle." Lieutenant Füger then returned to his tent, but in a short time the sergeant of the guard reported that Stewart had broken loose, and was in front of his own tent, armed with sabre and pistol. Lieutenant Füger immediately buckled on his sabre and revolver and proceeded to the battery parade ground.

On his approach Stewart rushed to the battery park, climbed up a large tree; and, when Lieutenant Füger was within a short distance from the tree, he called upon Stewart to surrender. Stewart fired a shot at the lieutenant, which fire was returned. Stewart was hit in the right cheek. The lieutenant and corporal then

exchanged five shots, but as Stewart's sixth shot missed fire, he threw the pistol at Lieutenant Füger, climbed to the top of the tree, and drew his sabre, shouting, "I am a British soldier, and never surrender." In this shooting match Stewart was hit four times; once in the cheek, as before stated; once in the left leg; once in the shoulder, and by the fourth shot in the right thigh, and was bleeding profusely. It was not the intention of the lieutenant to kill him, but as he would not surrender or come down from the tree two men of the battery were ordered to bring up sharp axes from the battery wagon, and chop down the tree. These men were good wood choppers, and to facilitate matters worked on opposite sides of the tree. The lieutenant then gave Stewart one more chance to come down, shouting to him: "You had better get down now, or you'll come down with a rush and break your darned neck." At this point Stewart realized the situation, returned his sabre to its scabbard, and threw it from the top of the tree at the lieutenant. When he had climbed down and reached the ground he knocked down two members of the guard, after which the lieutenant grappled with him and threw him to the ground. The corporal was then placed on a stretcher and taken to the hospital, where the doctor extracted four bullets from his body.

Apparently he was perfectly sober, talked rationally, and would not allow the doctor to give him anything to alleviate his pain, simply saying: "Take the bullets out." During the operation he did not move a muscle,

and bore the pain in a most heroic manner. That evening he sent for Lieutenant Füger, begged his pardon, and hoped that neither he nor any other member of the battery was injured. The corporal now realized what he had done. He stated that, as he had never been in a hospital before in his life, he would like to go to duty at once; but the lieutenant explained to him that as he was under the care of the doctor he could be restored to duty only by the doctor's order.

In this encampment of eight batteries, with a complement of over a thousand men, all of them were attracted to the scene, and to within four hundred yards of the tree, by the repeated discharge of the pistols; and all anxiously and eagerly watched the result of the impromptu duel, fearing lest the lieutenant might get the worst of it.

Investigation followed, and a court-martial was ordered, there being about twelve witnesses called besides Lieutenant Füger. The proceedings of the board were published to the brigade, exonerating the lieutenant from all blame, and in the order it was stated that upon the recovery of Stewart he should be brought to trial for mutinous conduct. The lieutenant was so much impressed by the courage shown by this man, who he had always been such a good soldier before the affair, that he did "all that he possibly could to get the corporal off." The general court-martial however discharged the corporal from the service, and sentenced him to ten years' confinement at Dry Tortugas, Florida.

Lieutenant Füger never again saw the man or learned what became of him; but during the course of the trial he persuaded Stewart to call him as his witness, and in his usual generous spirit he gave Corporal Stewart a most excellent character, and pleaded with the court in his behalf. Lieutenant now Major Füger informed us that he had a great admiration and affection for this man Stewart, as he was, up to the time of this shooting affair, one of the best soldiers in the battery, had never given any trouble, was a most excellent gunner, understood his duties thoroughly, and hence, as he said, "I worked for all that I was worth to get him off from punishment, and to have him restored to duty with the battery."

The above facts are stated almost as they were recited by the Major himself.

At the lower Brandon Mansion on the James River some fifteen miles below City Point, two troops of the raiding party had put up for the night at this grand but then deserted old Southern homestead.

The writer had visited this place when a boy and occupied the room in which the following incident occurred some eight years before.

The boys of the family had all returned from school for the Christmas holidays. There were eight of us in all, occupying the only second-story room in this house, as the Southern houses are many of them built with almost all the bedrooms on the lower floor. In this room, which was very commodious, there were four high-post bedsteads. Two boys to a bed (a feather bed),

and at the foot of each bed an armchair containing a small darky. The darkies were provided out of the superabundance of things at the time, and for the purpose of assisting the young gentlemen off and on with their clothing.

The writer has attended a great many reveille roll-calls during the forty years or more of his army service, but none ever impressed him as the one he attended on that Christmas morning. It is the custom in the South to celebrate Christmas much as the Northerners celebrate the Fourth of July. The boys had supplied themselves with a large stock of firecrackers, and the reveille gun for the occasion was very much on the Gatling gun order. A pack of ignited firecrackers was placed in the bed between two of the boys, and the resulting effect was much more disastrous than the practical jokers had anticipated, a case of homemade "hazing". It is not recommended to boys to try this method of celebrating Christmas, even if they must stick to the firecrackers.

On the parlor wall there was a sketch of lower Brandon made by the writer in earlier years, which served as a reminder of his first visit to this once hospitable but then deserted mansion. Major Walsh of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry was with us on this raid and the horses of the several troops were picketed on the grounds and the officers made themselves as comfortable as possible in the house for the night.

The Major related an experience he had had the previous night at "Shirley" on the James.

It appears that the darkies reported an officer of the Confederate cavalry as visiting his family at the Shirley Mansion. The house was surrounded by Major Walsh's troops, and the old gentleman, the father of the Confederate officer, would neither affirm nor deny the truth of the report concerning his son, but invited the Major to search the house if he so desired. There was one room to which the latter was at first denied admittance, that of the daughters of the family, who had retired for the night. The hour was suspiciously early for this, and the young ladies were therefore required either to get up, dress, and vacate the room, or else cover themselves up and permit the entrance of the searching party. The gallantry of the Major got the better of his judgment, and later on it was learned that one of the *two* young ladies was equipped with boots and spurs and made *her* escape under cover of this deception. The Major was much chagrined that he had been so outwitted.

Since the Major tells stories on himself and on his regiment we may as well give him free rein. The regiment on its four-year war record can stand this. When it first appeared in the field it was for a *green* regiment ridiculously armed, that is, with the lance, a weapon ordinarily supplied to none but the best cavalry.

"The Rush Lancers" never appeared without the greeting "Gobble! gobble! gobble!" on all sides (each lance carried a small red pennant), a sort of "Hail to the Chief" business. On one occasion just after a severe engagement with the enemy a private of the

lancers and one of a regular battery were engaged in hot dispute. An old Irish sergeant of the battery rode up and inquired: "Phawt's the row?" "Well, sergeant, this fellow says this is *his* lance and I say it's *mine*." Oh! shure," said the sergeant, "give the feller his shtick."

* NOTE.— [See reference on p. 144.]

A word in this connection is not misplaced. The Union Army at Malvern Hill was disposed in the form of a huge semi-circle, its wings resting on the river and protected by the fire of the gun boats. There was an open plateau about sixty feet above the water level, where the army made its stand. Reserve batteries of twenty and thirty-two pounders with rifled and Napoleon guns were in line, and with the infantry below awaiting the attack. Fully sixty pieces had a converging fire from Fitz John Porter's line, and all along the crest of the hill, whenever one was needed, a battery made its appearance at the moment. Tidball's horse battery, as well as the batteries of Benson and Robinson, were credited by Gen. Alexander S. Webb with having contributed greatly to the success of the day.

In referring to the first battle of the seven days' contest as a Union victory let us see what General Webb, in his Peninsular Campaign, Scribner series, has to say: " * * * A careful reading of D. H. Hill's report of his part of the battle, shows plainly the loss and demoralization of his division, and gives a glimpse of the disorder hidden by the woods about the little parsonage.

"No more positive admission of defeat with loss and disorder can be looked for. Hill upbraids everybody, from the commander-in-chief down to Whiting and Holmes, whom he asserts were not engaged at all. * * *

"As Magruder got his men in place, the fire from these batteries became, as stated, intense. His plan was to put fifteen thousand men in line and charge the batteries and supporting infantry, to follow up success with fresh troops, and if repulsed to hold the line where he then was on the hill. His caution as to repulse was one that did credit to his military sagacity and was fully justified by events.

"Although the batteries were not carried, the assault contributed much to the rout, panic, and demoralization which marked

the enemy's escape from the field early in the night. Darkness set in and he concluded to let the battle subside and occupy the field; pickets were set and a part of Armistead's brigade encamped within one hundred yards of the Union guns. * * *

"About the same time that D. H. Hill advanced to make his attack — say about 5:30 P. M.— Magruder, who waited in vain for the thirty pieces of rifled artillery for which he had sent to silence the Union fire, became impatient at the delay, and ordered General Armistead's brigade to advance, and at the same time put his own division in motion. He sent forward Wright's brigade first, Mahone's next, substituted three regiments of Cobb's for the remainder of Armistead's raw troops, sent in General Ransom to his left, in person superintended the advance of Barksdale's brigade of his own division, and sent staff officers in quick succession to urge an attack by Huger on his left. As they emerged from the cover of the woods in which their line was formed and breasted the slope of the hill, now swept by the converging fire of the heavy batteries at the Crew house, the advance was checked, but they were easily rallied and led again with fury to the attack; but the line made no further progress, even in Magruder's report. Ransom and Jones, with the remainder of Armistead's men, were urged forward to the support of their faltering comrades. McLaw's division was also sent in by order of General Lee, and Magruder was urged to press the enemy on the right. They advanced bravely all along the line, but only to recoil before the storm of missiles which each fresh effort on their part drew from the heavy guns. The day was drawing to an end and Magruder gave his attention to securing the ravine and woods where he had formed his line, and to procuring reinforcements to guard against any reverse. All the Rebel generals ascribe their failure to reach the hill to the preponderance of the artillery fire on the Union side, their own inefficiency in that arm, and to want of support and co-operation in attack. In truth there seems to have been few orders issued on the first by the Rebel general-in-chief."

It may not be admitted by General Webb that the Union Army suffered the loss of a single battery.

It is said however that a Dutch captain did lose his guns, and when court-martialed for *cowardice* entered the plea of "*guilty*," but with extenuating circumstances: "Mein gụns vos long răng' gụns und ven de enemy got closh dey vos no gọọt."

FIELD EXERCISE.

CHAPTER X

DISCIPLINE AND READINESS FOR WAR

ALL concede that on points of professional training the regular officer should be, if he is not, the superior of the volunteer; but that the latter is as brave as the former has never been disputed. In fact, in differentiating this question of courage in individuals, it may be that the volunteer deserves more credit than does the regular, for the reason that he is under no hard-and-fast obligation to enter the service at the outbreak of hostilities, whereas the regular contracts beforehand for service from which he cannot escape, though he should so desire. "Personal pluck is not rare among men, but it is not always reliable, except perhaps in single combat." "Where men combine either for attack or defense the leader needs it, but the followers will do better with discipline." "The courage — so called — of a company or any other military organization is the courage of its commander. It has no reference to men in ranks. Their merit, if they have any, is in their discipline. If they fail to follow their leader they are not necessarily cowards. They are only undisciplined."*

We are glad to see that the past shortcomings of the Corps of Cadets at West Point has been attributed

* Chester.

rather to the action of individuals than to a corps' defect, exceptions in good conduct resting with the individual who has not been and sometimes cannot be brought under the rules of strict discipline; and it is gratifying to see that while it is recognized that we are not a military nation in the ordinary acceptance of the term, it is now universally admitted that we should have some school where the principle of obedience and discipline shall be enforced.

Major James Chester, U. S. A., says: "Military discipline is peculiar, and therefore often misunderstood. It cannot be taught by preaching; it cannot be learned from books; it cannot be explained to the laity; its methods are repugnant to democracy; many of the people honestly believe that it should have for its foundation a majority vote; but the men who know it and have been trained in its methods, and have witnessed its operation, know better. They know that there can be but one commanding officer in an army, and that his orders must be obeyed. A government by discipline is akin to the discipline of the gods and therefore despotic." "There is no room in the line of battle for a town meeting," and he further says that "the discipline of peace should be the same as the discipline of war." "Town meeting methods are out of place at any time." "Discipline means efficiency; maintain it or disband the Army."

The practical problem now before us, in view of the volunteers being disbanded, necessitates the recruiting of our regular establishment to a maximum of, say, one

hundred thousand men, more or less. This renders it difficult in the extreme to discriminate in the matter of enlistments as heretofore, where for one man accepted ten were rejected.

Officers of all armies have admitted that the regulars who took the field at Santiago de Cuba were both physically and morally (these words go often hand in hand) superior to any troops in the world, owing to the great precautions which were and could before 1898 be taken to enlist only the very best material for our service. This was done at a time when business was dull and applications for enlistments were very numerous. Further than this, the introduction of the gymnasium, with its athletic sports, advantages incident to the canteen system and the *esprit de corps* which existed throughout all the regiments of our old Regular Army aided the officers materially, but it is to be apprehended that the old standard cannot be revived for many years to come.

Other considerations are operative. Men are always influenced by mercenary motives, and in seeking service of any kind (either in or out of the Army) will avoid that which is the most difficult for the compensation paid. The nature of the work to be done determines the grade or character of the man for the job, and a sudden expansion, nearly fourfold, of our Regular Army must certainly lower its tone and morale through the medium of indifferent material. An increase in the rank and file is also accompanied by a large addition of commissioned officers, many of

whom, it is to be feared, are as untrained as officers as the new blood in the ranks. Let it not be understood that this is said in disparagement of officers of the volunteers now coming into our regular establishment. What is simply meant is that hasty methods of recruiting in the grades of commissioned office are fraught with the same risks as hasty methods of recruiting for the ranks. We are indeed an improvident people as relates to things military, and there is good ground for the apprehension that our regular establishment may degenerate somewhat under the stern principle of necessity which will be operative for some years to come.

We all know that no man who is undisciplined can be classed as a soldier, be he regular or volunteer; and after all, what are these distinctions, "regular" and "volunteer," as applied to the rank and file? Are not all soldiers in this country volunteers in the strict sense of the word? Does not the regular's term of enlistment expire after three years, and is he not free to quit the service or to re-enlist either in his own or in any other organization that he may prefer? And herein lies a serious menace. Old soldiers will not "take on again," should they find the Army degenerating or not up to the old standard, and although "an old soldier may have all the weaknesses of human nature, he has nevertheless thoroughly learned the lesson of obedience, and is worth a dozen recruits."

Thomas Carlyle says that "the courage that enables a man to stand up and be shot at has not been denied to any man or woman," and as proof of this he goes on to say:

"Do not recruiting sergeants drive through the streets of manufacturing towns and collect ragged losels enough, every one of whom, if dressed up in red and trained a little, will receive fire cheerfully for the small sum of one shilling per diem and have the soul blown out of him at last with perfect propriety?

"Sergeant What's-His-Name literally licks these losels into shape by a course of training compared to which that of the undergraduate is easy and even short."

Major Chester, U. S. A., further tells us that the power of discipline is difficult to explain — "that no man faces deadly peril without fear. The soldier entering on his first battle, and I believe entering upon every battle, feels this instinct strong upon him. He thinks he is the only man in the company who feels that way, and he is in mortal terror that he will be found out. And so he suppresses the instinct and will do anything, however daring or even reckless, at command."

We all know something about "fear," and our best endeavors are to get along with as little of it as we can. We have pretty fair ideas on the subject of heat; all of us have more or less of that, but it is only when we arrive at "absolute zero" that we are satisfied it's all frozen out and then we call this freeze-out, cold.

But "absolute zero" is a theoretical standard never attained — so, practically speaking, there is no cold — in like manner we can with perfect propriety say, and this in spite of holdings to the contrary, that there is no courage.

At this juncture "Life" steps in and says, and even

with him this is but a late discovery that fear is of two kinds — mark the distinction. "There is the fear of death, and he who has it is a coward, and then there is the fear of being thought a coward, and he who has this fear is a hero."

"The conservation of discipline means the life and usefulness of the Army," and this discipline it is which is accorded the United States Corps of Cadets and which shapes the actions of boys though but a short time removed from the influence of home.

We are inclined to believe that it was a most fortunate thing for the reputation at least of our Regular Army that what was known as the Hull bill did not become a law in the early days of the Spanish-American War.

A sudden fourfold increase, as proposed by that measure for the regular military establishment, would have so reorganized — let us say, disorganized — the whole that the fifteen thousand men at first sent to Cuba (restricted to this figure by lack of transportation) would in that case have been of a kind never to have returned from Santiago to tell the story of a disaster which inevitably would have overtaken them. Indeed it is well understood that but for the exceptional physical condition — "superb condition and training" — of the little band of regulars they never could have carried through that bitter campaign. It is well to ponder upon these things, to profit by such experiences, and never again to allow ourselves to be so misled as the American people ever have been in regard to our military resources.

The effective opposition to the passage of the Hull

bill (which opposition seemed at the time to conflict with the interest of the Regular Army and of the country itself) has then had everything to do in the preservation of our miniature Regular Army by thus allowing it to go into action in concrete shape. Perhaps no circumstance in the whole history of the late war had such a determining influence as this prohibition, this defeat of a measure for the increase of our regular establishment in the face of the enemy.

The reputation of our little band of regulars has here once again been well sustained by the good dame, "Fortune," and in the words of the immortal poet:

> "Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
> And all the clouds that loured upon our house
> In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Let us now follow George Tucker Bispham on the subject of readiness for war:

"We passed through a tremendous struggle in 1861–1865. We committed the faults of undertaking grave enterprises with inadequate means; of rejecting the advice of military men upon military matters, and acting in such matters upon the opinions of civilians; of appointing lawyers and politicians to the command of armies; of expecting the performance of impossibilities; of wondering why campaigns, whose success demanded a year's hard marching and harder fighting, were not successfully finished, offhand, in a month or so; and of blaming the Executive, and particularly the War Department for things for which we — the American people ourselves — were alone responsible. Well, all these

faults, and others beside them, were committed during the great war; and when the war was drawing to a close we saw our shortcomings and resolved upon amending our ways. Never again would we be caught with inadequate supplies of arms and inadequate means for raising, mobilizing, equipping, and supplying large armies; never again would we ignore the advice of military men on military subjects; no more should Executive action be hampered or rendered impossible by legislative inaction; and no longer would the shortcomings of the people themselves be laden upon the back of some unhappy scapegoat of a military bureau or army department. No; all would be changed. We would reform. In the summer of 1865 it was resolved by every right-minded citizen that thereafter, if the game of war had ever to be played again, the players on our side should be well selected and should be equipped with everything that professional skill decided they ought to have.

"Alas, for our good intentions! They served but as so many paving stones on the downward path of humiliation and dissatisfaction. Another war broke out. It was far less momentous, far less prolonged, far less bloody, and far less destructive to us than the tremendous contest of 1861; and yet the outbreak of a war with a weak Power found us unprepared with a proper system for increasing our Army, unprovided with an adequate supply of modern arms, and above all, and worst of all, unprepared to assume the blame of these deficiencies, and ready only to fasten, blindly and ignorantly, upon some man or set of men, the censure

which we ourselves should have borne. Cicero said frankly, when the republic seemed to be in danger, '*Nos — nos dico aperte — nos consules desumus.*' We Americans should be prepared to say, with the same frankness and with greater truth, 'We — we, the people — we say it openly — we, the people, are wanting.'

* * *

"To come back, then, what lesson is to be learned from the experience of the Spanish War? It is simply this: When you employ professional men to do professional work, give them what they ask for in the way of tools and material as far as you can; and if you have confidence in their ability and honesty, act on their advice. When a lawyer hands his client a subpœna, with instructions to serve it on Monday upon the witness therein named, but the client fails to serve it at all or serves it on Tuesday or Wednesday, he cannot blame his counsel if the cause is lost because of the absence or lateness of witness. When a man is threatened with a disease whose attacks may be sudden and violent, and is told by his physician whom he consults that he should have a certain medicine always in the house ready for the emergency, but fails to send to the apothecary's for the prescribed drug, it is a hard measure of justice to blame the physician if the patient, owing to a sudden attack of the malady, is subject to exquisite pain or has a narrow escape from death. And so, if the people or their representatives are warned by their professional military advisers that such and such arms and ammunition ought to be in 'stock,' but choose to neglect the

warning, they must assume themselves the blame for the loss of life and suffering sustained by some of their number, and cannot transfer the burden to the shoulders of the men whose advice they have not heeded."

The Sixth Infantry at Santiago is not the Sixth Infantry at Manila, nor can we say that Duncan's battery of the Mexican War, and later Tidball's Battery of the Civil War, was the same in aught but name with that of Parkhurst's battery of the Spanish-American War. See what the captain of this battery has to say on the unprepared condition of this battery due to its sudden expansion:

"The march from (B or D) Daiquiri to Seville was anything but a picnic. The batteries were loaded down with their full complement of ammunition, three days' rations, and with all the hay and grain that could be loaded upon the ammunition chests. The roads were simply vile — narrow, uneven, with sharp turns and pitches, full of rocks and chuck holes, and last, but not least, full of men; it was now that the bad effect of *green* horses and *green* drivers began to be felt, to say nothing of the leg-weary condition of all of the stock from its confinement upon shipboard, to overcome which there had not as yet been sufficient time to rest.
* * *

"How well or how ill this march *might have been* performed with *thoroughly-trained* horses and drivers will never be known. It is well known however that in many cases the green horses and green men were

CONSTRUCTING HASTY INTRENCHMENTS.

worse than useless, they were actually an incumbrance. One pair of awkward green horses in a team of six would often balk and render useless all the energy and effort of the other trained four; often the green horses had to be taken out and their places supplied by some of the old horses from other teams before the carriage or caisson could be budged from the chuck hole, or be pulled up a steep incline. This caused not only delay, but also made double work for many of the old horses; all of these set-backs were well understood and taken as a matter of course by all of the artillery, but were apparently little understood or appreciated by any one else. * * *

"The stock was suffering from the heat and oppression of an unusual atmosphere even more than the men. They were watered whenever and wherever practicable; at times eight and even ten horses had to be coupled up to get the carriages through; hence the march, though short in actual distance traveled, was very hard upon both horses and men.

"Unlike the universally accepted idea, as believed by those *not* in the light artillery, and as pictured forth in the many beautiful but fictitious representations of light artillery, the men (cannoneers) marched on foot, each carrying his little (?) blanket-roll and rations the same as any 'dough boy.' There was no thought of such a thing as these cannoneers sitting up, upon the limber chests, with arms folded and taking it easy, while the rest of the troops plodded through the mud.

Each and every cannoneer had to march as I have said, and, besides this, they had to tug and strain, use pick and shovel or other tools, fixing 'chuck holes' in the road, and helping stalled teams, etc., working, as well as marching, to get everything through as soon as possible.

Another light artillery officer also states:

"The campaign at Santiago has made clear the value of practice marches for light artillery when the organizations are on a peace footing. To pass however from this condition to a war footing when engaged in active operations in the field leaves scant opportunity for the instruction of recruits and the training of new horses; and every artillerist now knows, better even than before, *how urgent is the necessity for maintaining our light batteries permanently on a war footing.*"

Col. Chas. Larned, Professor at the Military Academy, pointedly refers to the kind or degree of preparedness to be adopted for future wars. The determinative factors will be: The development of individuality and self-reliance in the soldier; expert marksmanship in infantry fire and every man a sharpshooter; expert marksmanship in artillery fire; mobility in large bodies of troops of the nature of mounted infantry, and, incident thereto, a highly condensed ration; the abandonment of nearly all close formations and manoeuvres on the tactical field, as well as all drill and parade exercises of the old wooden order tending to automatic habits and ideas; a field uniform designed solely with reference to service, and a peace uniform simple, neat, and com-

fortable, extravagant neither in color nor insignia, which shall designate rank and service corps distinctly, instead of a style of raiment which in this land should be confined to the circus; and if practicable, some form of individual protection from infantry fire.

The Colonel declares that the new soldier should be made intelligent, active, skillful with his weapon and self-reliant, and that all manœuvre formations for garrison or marching purposes should be elastic and natural. He advises that the manual of arms shall be reduced to a few simple movements and the work of military exercises directed to perfecting the intelligence and marksmanship of the individual. He holds that the time spent in marching and countermarching, in perfecting an elaborate manual of arms and constrained mechanical movements is even worse than wasted, since it tends to make stiff, unthinking, blind, and dull soldiers, and takes valuable time needed for instruction in their active duties as fighters.

Now it is well understood that for a long time past this subject has been much talked of by thinking men, who were not too much " strapped and buttoned," and among this number it appears the senior professor at the United States Military Academy will be found.

Great changes have been going on from the lordly battle days of " Gentlemen of the guard, fire first," down to the grim, earnest warfare of South Africa.

What kind of men are to fight modern battles? What sort of exercise will best fit them for their work? How far does mere soldierly drill go towards securing gen-

eral readiness for warfare and how far towards preparation for the important details of the service?

It seems to the writer that while it is essential in the larger question of preparation, it is vital, exhaustive, and paramount in the smaller one.

"*C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre*" was the remark of General Pierre Bosquet and yet not one of the Six Hundred spent his life in vain. People get out of the way of the English cavalry when they think of Balaklava. The thing does not happen more than once in a century. Apart from glory the expenditure of life on the 25th October, 1854, was a sound economy and, blunder or no, it was *la guerre*.

And once again, what of old John Rodgers putting to sea in a wild southeast gale, full grown and out for business, to see if that new-fangled cheese-box on a "raft," as they used to say, would "stand it?" If so, a new departure; a fresh page of history. If not, his life and those of a whole man-of-war's crew would be well bestowed in settling this question of first-rate warfare.

Soult refused to move when ordered, because he saw, what the emperor could not see — that the time had not come. His insubordination won the battle of Austerlitz and his fame is immortal.

Fitz John Porter's insubordination, and what did it cost him? God's mill ground out the justice he craved for, but only after long years of waiting, long years of suffering.

Then stepped forward that generous-spirited man, Ulysses S. Grant, and said: "Before this I was mis-

taken, to-day I see that Fitz John Porter in the exercise of his discretionary powers as Corps Commander, saved the Union Army from defeat." These are his words paraphrased if not exactly stated. Their value should be measured by this standard: When McClernand telegraphed Grant to the effect, "Do you know that if I advance, my division will be annihilated?" Here was the laconic reply, and from the very man who in later years justified Porter's disobedience: "I am glad you understand your orders." Now in this case McClernand was distinctly right, and Grant in no wise wrong; there was time for an explanation and adjustment of responsibility, but Grant should not, we think, have so severely rebuked his division commander.

Picton in the Peninsula bitterly damned the officer who brought the order a third time. "What, what, what!" said Sir Arthur Wellesley when this was reported to him. "Did Picton damn ye! Well, I daresay he's quite right, but he might be civil about it." Picton staked his head for glory and he won.

Changes may be wrought from hour to hour in the details of preparation for great episodes — but the underlying principles which govern armies and carry them on to victory must ever remain the same.

More now than ever before must the individual be trained and schooled in the science and art of war, and never before in the control of armies has the need of discipline been so manifest. Without it much, of course, may be accomplished with skilled and self-reliant horsemen and expert marksmen, but something more is

needed in the soldier than that which comes to him by nature.

Seconds in command, as is here shown, have taken the lead, and led on to victory amidst the plaudits of mankind, plaudits for a double risk; but how intolerable is this where defeat waits on the venture. A question of late has been raised against our Army — its lack of discipline. But of the Army of the United States at Santiago, let this be said: Soldiers of all organizations without regard to regiments or companies obeyed with alacrity and precision the orders of any officer into whose presence they were thrown. This detail is noted as evidence of the highest order of discipline and the officers of our Army who were present on that field revert to it again and again, with pride and satisfaction.

The writer has been asked, Has the Regular Army of the United States *ever* lost its reputation? this query being suggested by a remark that "its reputation has once again been saved." Never has its reputation been lost, but certainly conditions are such that the reputations of general officers and old organizations of either the National Guard or Regular Army are always in jeopardy and for the following reasons:

"It is undeniable that the new Army is not as effective a fighting machine as was the old Army that was mobilized in Tampa in 1898 for the Santiago campaign. There are many reasons why this falling off in morale and effectiveness should have taken place. Fortunately this can be remedied.

"In enlarging the Army it has been found necessary to let down the bars as to physique and character to some extent. I don't mean* that there is any lack of the same sort of men that carried our flag triumphantly through the Santiago campaign — there are plenty of them — but you can't get them at short notice."

We may indeed perfect in time of peace a small military establishment, and if it can be kept well in hand and is employed as a whole, achievements like those at Santiago will result. But even in this case where the Regular Army had its best fighting chance — perhaps the best that has ever offered — almost fifty per cent. of its commissioned officers had already been called away to serve with the volunteers, tempted by offers of higher rank than that held by them in the regular establishment, so that many of the companies went into action at Santiago with not more than one officer on the average to a company. The condition, training, and discipline of the rank and file did nowhere atone for this deficiency; a deficiency which was unfortunately on the increase throughout the contests in consequence of the heavy losses in the commissioned grade.

The old regiments reached Santiago de Cuba mustering about six hundred men each, and of these some thirty per cent. were recruits. When they returned to Montauk Point they did not average two hundred men to a regiment, and even these were sick, diseased, and otherwise disqualified for duty.

* Here we are quoting Stephen Bonsal.

A short time thereafter these same organizations were recruited up to a strength of twelve hundred men, under the three battalion system, and hastily sent to the Philippines with but a limited complement of officers; many being new appointees. The only training these men had before their arrival at Manila was on shipboard, and in transit. It cannot therefore be wondered at that regular regiments which had so distinguished themselves at Santiago suffered in point of reputation by comparison with the *well-seasoned* volunteers in the Philippines.

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CADET BARRACKS, FROM THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XI

WEST POINT LIFE

(In its Half-Century.)

The writer finds in his scrap-book one of the few remaining copies of a poem read at a meeting of the Dialectic Society at West Point in 1859. The rendering of this by Cadet Garnett ("Jack"), the best reader in the corps, was quite effective, and it made such a "hit" that the secretary of the society was induced to have a few copies printed. It was attributed to a cadet of the class of 1860, though he would not father it. It was a very common occurrence for the members of the corps to gather around the tent of this cadet to listen to his extemporized verses and songs, but always with the distinct understanding that no note would be taken of anything we heard; and therefore it was but natural that the following lines should have been attributed to this cadet, who later became a distinguished general officer:

WEST POINT LIFE.

West Point Life, I said, should be the subject of this strain;
Thinking on the matter long, I *strained* my brain in vain.
I reflected, called on some accommodating Muse,
Mused in vain, and found them all determined to refuse;
Chose a noble patron then, and made another move,
Knew our worthy President would a Mæcenas prove,
Do not criticise; you see this sheet looks now aghast
At the array of beauty where to-night the "'Di.' is cast."

You're, at first, a "cit," you sport a hat and standing collar,
Seek along the paths of peace the bright, almighty dollar;
Think you're free, but find you have a "governor" absurd,
Though you are a *citizen*, you're *subject* to his word.
Suddenly you feel a passion rising in your soul,
A military ardor which no one can control.
You hear of West Point School, where they turn great warriors out,
Still you stop and hesitate, on this *Point* there's a doubt.
When you doze in bed that night, you mutter, prate, and prattle,
Think you hear a uniform, see drums, and wear a battle;
Dream of bullet buttons, plumes, of ladies' smiles and fun,
Waking in the morning, you are off to Washington.
With nine hundred others on the President you charge;
Seeing this vast number they say you apply "at large."
Now you show you've many claims and can't be called a meddler,
Prove your great grandfather once, in England, whipped a peddler.
Your father lived to eighty-five, like many other men,
But having lost his parents, was a helpless orphan then.
Your great-great-great-grandfather died in battle, that's the truth;
Your great-great-great-grandmother lived ten years without a tooth.
With many others back you come, with glory unanointed,
The President appoints but ten, the rest are dis-appointed.

You next go to your congressman, who's honest, true, and just;
He finds you'll pass; 'tis all he wants; you'll not disgrace his trust.
Thinking on your future life, you find your speculations
Interrupted by a mighty list of qualifications;
You get a pen to see if you remember how to write;
A splinter's in your thumb; you may not be pronounced all right;
You have some corns, and fear with them rejection you may meet,
For many active soldiers have been "found"* upon their feet.
How careful and how studious we find the young expectant,
For fear this rigid Board will find a true bill of ejectment;
Yet soon you see kind sympathy is in their bosoms stored,
And find the proverb true, that "There's a soft side to a *board*."

* Found deficient.

When landed on the Point, you ask a man where you'll report,
And, ten to one, you'll get from him a withering retort;
He'll say, "Subordination, Plebe, of discipline's the root;
Now you've addressed an old Cadet, forgetting to salute."
He sends you to a room, and says, "Report and then come back."
You enter, and discover there none but the old shoeblack;
Your father's with you all the time — he here begins to croak —
And, judging from his countenance, he doesn't like the joke.
You wander like Telemachus — at last you find the place,
And see the dread Instructor; Yes! you meet him face to face;
He cries, "Now stand, attention; put your hands close by your pants,
And stand erect, hold up your head. There! steady! don't advance!
Turn your toes still farther out, and look straight to the front,
Draw in your chin, throw out your chest. There! steady! don't you grunt;"
You hold your head so high that the instructor's lost to view,
And looking at your father, there he "stands attention," too.
Says th' instructor, "Where's my pen? This old one does not suit me."
"There it is, sir." "Hold your tongue! you must not talk on duty.
I'm not surprised to see you quail, and flutter like a partridge,
But soldiers' mouths must open only when they tear a cartridge!"
He asks you if you've brought along the articles marked thus (*),
And when he finds you haven't, raises quite a little fuss.
He wants to know all things you've brought, your clothes of every kind,
You think the gentleman's endowed with an inquiring mind.
You get a broom, some matches, and a bed made up of patches,
Though little did you think such schools could ever have their *matches;*
You know where "matches all are made," and give a knowing sneer —
From what you've seen, you think that place is very far from here.
A comforter you also get, the thing that most you need;
A *comforter!!* It's one of Job's — a sorry one indeed.

"On your return, report yourself," they earnestly exhort you.
Report yourself!!! when twenty men are eager to report you!
You're now assigned to quarters — there deposit bed and broom,
And though in want of shelter, wish for you there was no *room.*
Are these the luxuries on which our senators agree?
You do not fancy this "hot-bed of aristocracy."

The drill-drum beats, so does your heart, and down the stairs you scud;
You slip before you reach the ranks, fall full length in the mud.
Here you have met your first reverse, and give a ghastly grin;
You think your district now could say, "Our candidate's *got in.*"
All over mud, you now demand a *suit* in your distress,
But find for all such slight mishaps they give you no *re-dress.*
How strange you think it when, next night, reported you have been,
In spite of all your efforts, for neglecting to "fall in."
The food, you say, is scanty, and you do not like the stuff;
Though there's a hen for each of you, you never get *un œu* (enough).

A graduating man sees you; some sidelong glances throws;
Thinks he would like to trade his mattress for your suit of clothes.
He says, when coming up to you, all buttoned to the throat,
"Has any one said anything to you about your coat?"
Mistaking him, you say, "Some old Cadets, whose jokes were stale,
Cried after me, when passing by, 'Just see that Shanghai tail!'"
At last you get the mattress, and remove it with hard tugs;
Republicans are right who say that here you find *big bugs.*

While reading in your room, absorbed in prison discipline,
You suddenly hear some one knock — jump up, and cry — "Come in."
You find your dread instructor is already in the door;
He says, "Did you give that command to your superior?"
You ask to be forgiven; say you'll never do so more;
You didn't yet know all the "rules and articles of war."

CONEJO VALLEY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Next day they march you into camp. How pretty it does look!
That you fare the better, you have brought a cookery book;
You get in camp; an old cadet cries, "Come, put up this tent!"
And with the aid he renders you, you're very well content.
You thank him, take possession; when you find that all is done,
He coolly tells you, "Plebe, it's mine; go get some other one;
What you have done is only play; Plebes must make some mistakes."
Foul play, you think it is, in which you've put up all the *stakes*.
To hoist another for yourself your efforts now are bent,
On studying the art of war you find yourself *in-tent*.
You've brought some dozen suits of clothes, but give a solemn look,
To find the space assigned to them is but a cubic foot.
Never mind, you'll soon be great; take Cuba, end your trials;
Then, instead of cubic feet, you'll have some *Cubic* miles.

Now come drills, those long squad drills, upon the scorching plain;
Like people in the desert wilds, your only hope is rain.
Sand gets in your shoes, and rubs and burns like lighted candles;
Wonder why the people in such soil do not wear *sand*als.
Though drums disturb you every hour, you utter not a word,
But think how happy Sir John Moore when "Not a drum was heard."

You probably are six feet high; some officer you dread
Arrests you at the break of day for lying *long* in bed.
Your coat is made, you button it, give one spasmodic cough,
And do not draw another breath until you take it off.
You've heard of senators who make a speech in great haste,
And long for what they mention, the Cadet's small "wasp-like waist."
How singular the conduct of these wisdom-bearing herds!
If waists are to be laughed at, it should be their *waste* of words.

July the Fourth at last arrives — you think it rather hard —
When on this day of Liberty, the "Plebes" must go on guard.

You go on post, the night arrives, you scarcely are alive,
But still a lonely watch you're keeping down on "No. 5."
First you like this quiet post, the path's so nicely leveled;
Soon you share the fate of *ham* — that is, you're nicely "deviled."
Bodies vast of men approach, and sound their rude alarms;
From divers punches you receive, you find they all have *arms.*
Baggage wagons, ropes, and ghosts upon your post appear;
Teeth begin to chatter, though of course it's not through fear.
A spirit white you seize upon and hold it on your post
Until the corporal arrives, when you give up the ghost.
When in a one-wheeled cart you fall that's moving up behind,
To rapidly desert your post you're forcibly *inclined.*

A storm comes up, the rain comes down and soaks your thin, white pants;
You think they might find better work for "tender hothouse plants."
Now if your pants were made of cloth, you wouldn't care a shilling;
But, like your summer afternoons, they're all made up of *drilling.*
Then you say you shall resign — your father says you shan't;
You've entered once the tented field and never shall decamp.
Resolving then to be content, there's no more hesitation —
You find most satisfaction in this kind of *resignation;*
Spartan-like, you stay until encampment has an end;
In this period you find your times begin to mend.
When in the art of soldiery you've once become adepts,
You welcome with a joyous smile the coming of the "Seps."*
Those that come before the time are *pre-cepts* for the rest.
Who wait outside till camp breaks up, and think the barracks best.
The first who come walk into camp with quite a lordly step,
For where is found more dignity than in an *August* "Sep."?

The noted "Twenty-ninth" arrives and crowds of folks attend;
For camp, like all things save a hoop, you find must have an end.
Our honored General-in-Chief is there to see the sights,

* Appointments in September.

Whose valiant arm so often won the victory in our fights.
Some drummers come, all armed with sticks; you know there'll be a fray;
They've come to "beat the General," you plainly hear them say.
Base cowards! you think, thus to attack a man of such great fame,
You'll go and warn him of their threat, immortalize your name.
Running through the crowd in breathless haste, at last you meet him,
Whisper there's a mutiny — some men have come to beat him.
He thinks you joke. Bad joke, says you, that's given you such bother;
Pats your head, and says, "You'll be a man before your mother."

Camp's broken up, you're broken down; you've come to the belief
You'd like to always be on guard, for there is a *relief*.
Filled with joys of barrack life, a letter home you send;
Soon you find, "Of making many books there is no end."
Much study too you must admit, when starting out afresh,
Although you call it "boning," is quite weary to the flesh.
You meet new hardships every day, yourself you are beside;
You get a problem in "Descriptive" which you can't describe.
You go to fencing, and we'd think, from punches, wounds, and scars,
That you could kill as many men as can the Erie cars.
That this will be no use to you, you often make complaint,
Save at examination, when you want to try a *feint*.
Or when you try to "bugle it" he will not wait on Benz;
You look at your instructor and would like to take *offense* (a fence).
They put you in the "Nursery," that is in Company "B,"
In January, many children *found*lings* prove to be.
Those who leave, excuses make, and one will say, though smarter
Than half the fellows in his class, they did not make him marker.
Others say the board's too high, take vessels in the offing,
Cruise in the Gulf, since *men-of-war* are *boarded* there for nothing.

* Found deficients.

You weather through the year, and find that June's not very far,
Which finally arrives, and you a " Plebe " no longer are.
To leave your gloomy barrack rooms you're summoned by the drum,
And many hearts beat high to think Third Class encampment's come,
When you find you all are men and are no longer babies,
Think you must devote your whole attention to the ladies.
Go to hops, those charming hops, where all is so exciting,
Sashes red and buttons bright, black eyes that shoot forth lightning.
As thus you pass your life away, of death you've not a fear,
Though every one should surely know 'tis *hops* that fill the *bier*.
You give a girl your buttons, lace; at last you throw your heart in;
You little think what *flames* will rise when first you go out *sparkin'*.
An angel dressed in crinoline you to her side now becks,
As she must still remain " unknown," we'll have to call her " X."
She occupies one-half the room, the space is more than fair,
If radius we call large R, the area's $\asymp R^2$.
The rustle of her dress alone would charm ten thousand troops,
Much pleasanter the sound than that of wild Comanche *whoops*.
You blush whene'er " X " looks at you from out that mass of lace,
Which proves that " X " must enter the " expression " of your face.
The music starts, you gently take her in your arms. What bliss!
You now can say you have your " X " in a parenthesis.
" Faster still," she whispers, though you're giddy and half sick;
Your heart which once kept " common time," now moves at " double quick."
Faster yet you're going round, ten " X's " now you see;
She hugs you with her sleeveless arms till you cry, " *Bare* with me."
To get yourself from her embrace you'd now give fifty farms;
Says she, " Since you're a soldier, you shall have sir, *two bare arms* " (to bear arms).
Your head's becoming dizzier, you stagger a good deal,
And what was started as a waltz is ending in a *reel*.
Sash comes down, she steps on it, to fall is now your doom,
And knock down nine militia generals standing in the room.

All rush madly from the room, " X " is " eliminated."
To marry her you're half inclined; " Shall you not or shall you? "
Half the night you lie awake discussing " X's " value.
Next day you take a walk with her around the famed " Flirtation; "
Find her all false hair, false teeth, false smiles, and affectation.
That she may have an honest heart is still your earnest prayer,
But soon you find the heart no better than the teeth and hair.
While swearing that you love her and appreciate her charms,
You tell her you're a soldier; she says, " But a child in arms."
Others come, and better ones, who stop at the hotel.
Oh! what a tale of broken hearts that old north stoop could tell!
Then come little presents of a 'kerchief, ribbons, gloves,
And what is prized above the rest, they often give their loves.
Some who sew on handkerchiefs, what shall we say of them?
When questioned what they're working at, will simply say "*A-hem.*"

Another " Twenty-ninth " arrives; the camp again is struck;
This time you go out quietly, and have much better luck.
To breaking up the scenes of camp you've serious objections,
For ladies, hops, " Flirtation " walks, give place to conic sections.
Troubles do not leave you here; you must have some of course;
Strange as you may think it, you must learn to ride a horse.
You have read of bold dragoons that every danger scoff;
Stories do not speak, alas! of troopers falling off.
Nothing on your feet but shoes, the horses bare-backed all,
How will ever you obey the " *Boots* and *Saddle* call? "
Many books have you toiled through, all written by great sages;
Do not you deserve a pair, if spurs are won by *pages?*
Now you " stand to horse," and say you'll not get in a fright;
Still you ask a soldier if he thinks your horse will bite.
Then you mount, a thing that you before have never tried;
Make a mighty effort — landing on the other side.
Finally you get your seat, the other troopers follow;
Horse's back's a catenary, you are in the hollow.
When seated in this valley, the instructor's heard to say,
Like Joseph to his brethren, " Do not fall out, by the way."

Horses move, the riders too, and things look queer to you;
Seldom have you seen the world from such a point of view.
And when your horse begins to trot, you think he's not so tame;
You're not much of a rider, but a good boy in the *mane.*
Reaching back, you make a grab, and clinch with every nail;
Think you'd be relieved to have the burden of his *tail.*
Speed increases, though you pull; they say "It's all your fault, sir!"
Can't call this a *bridle* tour, before you is the (*h*) *alter.*
Your instructor sees you bounce until your cheeks look floppy,
Thinks you've ridden on the course, how nicely you can "jockey."
Looking round, you see your friends are now disposed to banter;
Think you'll get another horse; yours doesn't pace nor canter.
Suddenly he takes the gallop; horrors!!! what a motion!
Movement comes from front to rear like waves upon the ocean.
Soon you're told he gallops wrong, to make him change the step;
Teach him then as you've been taught, by loudly crying "Hep!"
All your efforts are in vain, and forth your mutterings burst;
Still looking out for "No. 1," he "puts his best foot first,"
And by using gentle means his favor can't be courted;
Wonder why, instead of you, the horse is not reported.
Getting sea-sick, now you roll from one side to the other;
How you wish you'd never left the fireside of your mother.
A whip is cracked, the horse's head goes down, and you go up,
And from the rate of travel think that in the skies you'll sup.
Up you go till near the roof, but do not reach the skies;
Think you are an aeronaut, but surely are not *Wise.*
What goes up comes down again, and you with looks not placid,
Are making crude experiments in tasting tannic acid.
A *spring,* some call this, some a *fall,* and some a *summer*-set;
A *season*able joke is heard to come from each cadet.
Limping out, you start for home, and think you've earned your salary;
Meet with sympathizing looks from ladies in the gallery.
With your lady friends up there you've fallen half in love;
All Cadets have learned to set their hearts on "things above."
To take a gallop in the hall again you would not dare,

Although you would not hesitate to take a *gal up* there.
Some will say that's riding's fun; such views you can't indorse;
Say you'll never ride again save on a hobby horse.

Now you think of other things, for home you soon will go,
That period of bliss to spend that's called Cadet furlough.
Furlough clothes you then get on, demerit you get off;
Donning thus a suit of blue, the gray you gladly doff.
When you've reached the city, and arrived at your hotel,
Heedless of expenses, you are bound to "cut a swell."
See a classmate followed round by boys, at least a score;
Say he shan't surpass you, so you hire twenty more.
If his train of little boys has each a dirty face,
Make your own roll in the mud, determined to keep pace.
Though you know your leave is not to leave the States, you do,
Heedless of the consequences, Jersey you pass through.
Hurrying along as happy as a man can be,
Never do you stop until your cherished home you see.
Home! the dear old place whence all your boyish pleasures came,
Who is there so base as not to bless the sacred name?
When at last you enter, and are by the family met,
With kisses, sobs, embraces, smiles you're instantly beset.

Now you first appreciate this serving Uncle Sam;
Urchins in the street all cry, "Oh! there's a soger man."
Meeting some old fogy friends, they say, "Why, how d'ye do?
Tell us how at Western P'int they put you fellers through."
"Well," you say, "it is but right that of it I should speak;
Laboring both day and night, we eat but once a week.
Then the fare at mess is such that when we get our share,
Cattle could not eat it; you can scarcely call it *fair*.
They load us in a cannon if in ranks we do but cough,
Saying, when they light the match, 'This time we'll *let you off*.'"
Thinking you're from Utah, an old lady at you sings,
"Were you badly wounded at the fight at *Eutaw* Springs?"
Ladies make large parties, each an invitation sends;

You're engaged to twenty-seven when the summer ends.
Just before you leave, the twenty-seven round you close,
Begging for a lock of hair, a button off your clothes.
What a fright!!! You've yielded to the charming twenty-seven —
Buttonless your coat, no hair between your head and heaven.
Coat is ruined, buttons gone — no matter, let it pass;
Never were there women seen with such supplies of brass.
Furlough now is nearly gone, and back you take your way,
Feeling that to melancholy you've become a prey.
Furlough time is soon forgot, that life of wild romance,
Though often do you feel for missing pockets in your pants.

Painting now you undertake, although in fifty cases
Your instructor asks you why you *will* paint female faces.
When you ask what paints to use, with countenance growing sadder,
Though he sees you now are mad, he tells you to get *madder* (a paint).
You give your brush a dab in any color you can find,
Destroying both your piece of painting and your peace of mind.
Now you find astronomy included in your course,
Though it's of the greatest use, of trouble it's the source.
Here you learn a thousand things unknown in the past;
Thought the Earth went slowly 'round, but now you find it's *fast.*
Though there're mountains in the moon, of trees there's not a mark,
Save when dogs look at it, when we often notice *bark.*
Soon, alas! you feel within you all your former dread,
When you're told that with your sabre you must cut a head.
Others cut at those on posts that fall without a groan;
You, who scorn such artifice, would rather cut your own.
Making once a mighty cut, you pay for it quite dear;
Horse and you both tumble down, though holding by his ear.
When you rise you find that this is rather a bad throw,
Limping from the hall, to the hospital you must go.
Though such *hospital*-ity you hate, you have to try it,

Saying you can't live it through, they tell you you must *diet.*
Here you stay till muster day, with many others clustered —
Matrons, stewards, attendants, like your blisters then are *mustered.*

Soon you're out, for wounds like these cannot your ardor damp;
Then we find you entering the famous First Class Camp.
Last encampment! what a sound! there's magic in the word!
But you're now so dignified rejoicing were absurd.
You become a creature who must henceforth be a star,
Not approached by common men, but gazed at from afar.
Knowledge vast is in your brain — you know what "enfilade" is,
How to get ten "lates" a day, and how to please the ladies.
Frist Class Camp, that trying time! you scarcely would believe it;
He's indeed a lucky man who unengaged can leave it.
Soon you're smitten with a face, for you now comes the rub;
How you wish a month before you'd joined the "Bachelor Club."
Graceful form, coquettish smiles, she cannot help exposing;
Do not think I mean to joke by saying she's *imposing.*
She swears by all the gods of love she'll smile on none but you,
Say all this in innocence, which in-no-sense is true.
Soon she leaves; with tearful eyes you see her to the carriage,
Looking in the "Herald," two weeks after, there's her marriage.
Finally the camp breaks up; you say farewell to tents;
Leaving such a dwelling-house no soldier e'er repents.

Barrack life again commenced, you exercise your skill,
In finding out the surest means your fellow men to kill.
Treat a foe humanely, you are told, though try to beat;
If to *treat* he should refuse, you never must *re-treat.*
What a sight, from stooping over desks, you now present!
You, who once were so erect, are now on study *bent.*

Soon a longing for excitement in your bosom dwells,
Think you'd like to "run it," so you take a trip to "Spell's."
You suppose there's little danger that the road is clear,
Till you meet an officer; there's then some cause for fear.
He seizes you, you lose all power, and stand fixed to the ground,

He asks you what you're doing there, you tell him you're *Spell-bound.*
Home you go, for on this subject no more hints you need;
Punishment you know will follow closely on the deed.

Anxious thoughts are soon *dispelled,* and now you change your tune,
Thinking only of the fact, "You'll graduate in June."
You get measured for your clothes, a bran new uniform,
Three times a day you try it on; evening, noon, and morn.
You get a regulation hat, a sabre, too, and belt,
The hat you find is like the want of beauty in it — *felt;*
One regret you deeply feel, you still have no mustache,
Though on your upper lip you've used 'most every kind of trash.
Some friends pronounced tricopherous the best they ever saw,
You seize upon it like a drowning man upon a straw.

The last three months seem like a year, how slowly time does fly!
You find it only April when it ought to be July.
June at last arrives, which is to end your labors here;
You're to get a "parchment" of all things to you most dear.
The Board will rise 'midst banners, flags, and your diplomas hand ye,
With "Hail Columbia," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
Joy intoxicates you, all your sorrows now have fled,
Scarcely do you know if you are on your heels or head.
The day arrives which has so often many happy made,
When you put on your "fixings" to attend your last parade.
How proud you feel when marching to the "Sergeant Dashing White,"
And when upon your "winding way," you're prouder still that night.
You say to all your friends from whom yourself you now must tear,
If of your home they come within two miles, they must stop *there.*
A parting word, a warm embrace you give to each classmate,
And bid the Point a long farewell, a happy GRADUATE.

THE BATTLE MONUMENT.
"Dead upon the field of honor.")

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

Years ago, Benny Havens was a seller of contrabands to cadets, such as cakes, ale, and liquors, and this in violation of the rules of the Academy.

He was expelled from the post of West Point and later established himself in a small cottage at the base of the high cliff at Highland Falls, quite near the river.

This was a favorite resort of the cadets "after taps," but the risk of these nocturnal visits was great indeed, since the punishment was dismissal *if caught* on this venture.

Lieutenant O'Brien of the Eighth United States Infantry with others composed the song of "Benny Havens, Oh!" set to the tune of "Wearing of the Green." The original five verses have been added to from time to time to commemorate the dead or the heroes of wars:

BENNY HAVENS, OH!

AIR — *Wearing of the Green.*

A SONG THAT IS SUNG BY THE SOLDIERS OF UNCLE SAM.

COME, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row;
To singing sentimentally, we're going for to go;
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! Oh! Benny Havens, oh!
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!

Now Roe's Hotel's a perfect "fess," and Cozzens's all the go,
And officers as thick as hops infest "The Falls" below;
But we'll slip them all so quietly, as once a week we go
To toast the lovely flower that blooms at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Let us toast our foster-father, the Republic, as you know,
Who in the paths of science taught us upward for to go;
And the maiden of our native land, whose cheeks like roses glow,
They're oft remembered in our cups, at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of the Empire State whose hearts and albums too,
Bear sad remembrance of the wrongs we stripling soldiers do,
We bid a fond adieu, my boys; our hearts with sorrow flow;
Our loves and rhyming had their source at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

And when in academic halls, to summer hops we go,
And tread the mazes of the dance on the light fantastic toe,
We look into those sunny eyes, where youth and pleasure glow,
And think ourselves within the walls of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of the orange clime, let all our bumpers flow;
Who dares gainsay their peerless charms must take a knightly blow.
We'll throw the gauntlet in their cause and taunt the soulless foe
Who hesitates to drink to them at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Of the lovely maids with virgin laps like roses dipped in dew,
Who are to be our better halves, we'd like to take a view.
But sufficient to the bridal day is the ill of it, you know,
So we'll cheer our hearts with chorusing at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the ladies of our Army our cups shall ever flow,
Companions of our exile, and our shield 'gainst every woe;
May they see their husbands Generals, with double pay also,
And join us in our choruses at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

'Tis said by commentators, when to other worlds we go,
We follow the same handicraft we did in this below;
If this be true philosophy — the sexton he says "No!"—
What days of song and dance we'll have at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Come fill up to our Generals, God bless the brave heroes,
They're an honor to their country, and a terror to their foes;
May they long rest on their laurels, and trouble never know,
But live to see a thousand years at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Here's a health to General Taylor, whose "rough and ready" blow
Struck terror to the *rancheros* of braggart Mexico;
May his country ne'er forget his deeds, and ne'er forget to show
She holds him worthy of a place at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the "veni, vidi, vici" man, to Scott, the great hero,
Fill up the goblet to the brim, let no one shrinking go;
May life's cares on his honored head fall light as flakes of snow,
And his fair fame be ever great at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

From the courts of death and danger, from Tampa's deadly shore,
There comes a wail of manly grief, "O'Brien is no more;"
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies pillowed low,
No more he'll sing "Petite Coquette," or Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To the Army's brave commanders let now our glasses flow,
We'll drink to Grant and Sherman, and to the "subs" also,
To Thomas, Meade, and Sheridan (these come in apropos);
We'll toast them all with goblets full, at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

'Tis a proverb that "Republics to their veterans thankless grow,"
And to youth of service oft awards only an age of woe;
But if a lowly station most honor doth bestow,
Give me the one now occupied by Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our regiments, now, fellows, we all must shortly go,
And look as sage as parsons when they talk of what's below;
We must cultivate the graces, do everything "just so,"
And never speak to ears polite of Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Let us remember, comrades, when to our posts we go,
The ties that must be cut in twain, as o'er life's sea we row;
Hearts that now throb in unison must moulder down below,
So let us take a parting cup at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our comrades who have fallen, one cup before we go,
They poured their life blood freely out *pro bono publico;*
No marble points the stranger to where they rest below,
They lie neglected far away from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

You veterans on the "half-pay list" in quiet ease should go,
And suffer us subalterns up a grade or two to row;
Award each State a regiment of regulars, you know —
Their officers are chosen ones from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

May we never lack a smile for friend, nor stern heart for a foe;
May all our paths be pleasantness wherever we may go;
May our "muster-rolls" in after years report in *statu quo*,
And goodly samples ever bring from Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

May the Army be augmented, promotion be less slow;
May our country in the hour of need be ready for the foe;
May we find a soldier's resting-place beneath a soldier's blow,
With space enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When you and I, and Benny, and all the others, too,
Are called before the "final board" our course of life to view,
May we never "fess" on any point, but straight be told to go
And join the Army of the Blest at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Another star has faded, we miss its brilliant glow,
For the veteran Scott has ceased to be a soldier here below;
And the country which he honored now feels a heartfelt woe,
As we toast his name in reverence at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland home,
We'll cast back many a fond regret, as o'er life's sea we roam,
Until on our last battlefield the lights of heaven shall glow,
We'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

And if amid the battle shock our banner e'er should trail,
And hearts that beat beneath its folds shall faint or basely fail,
Then may some son of Benny's with quick avenging blow,
Lift up the flag we loved so well at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When this life's troubled sea is o'er, and our last battle's through,
If God permits us mortals then His blest domain to view,
Then shall we see with glory crowned, in proud celestial row,
The friends we've known and loved so well at Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

Here's a cup to brave McKinney, and all who like him die;
Their souls upon the battle smoke ascend the upper sky.
May the angels there attend him and show him where to go,
And join his comrades gone before, with Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

In silence lift your glasses: A meteor flashes out.
So swift to death brave Custer, amid the battle's shout
Death called — and, crowned, he went to join the friends of long ago
To the land of Peace, where now he dwells with Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

We drop a tear for Harrington, and his comrades, Custer's braves,
Who fell with none to see the deeds that glorified their graves.
May their memories live forever with their glory's present glow;
They've nobly earned the right to dwell with Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

SEQUEL.

Come, fellows, let us join once more, ere to our homes we go,
And give a parting requiem to "Benny Havens, oh!"
Our fathers worship'd at his shrine in days long, long ago,
Then why should we, their faithful sons, not love our "Havens, oh!"

The spirit of the olden grey, with boys, *'tis folly*, true;
But then it proves "*Esprit de Corps*," when clothed in Army blue.
Then in the path our fathers trod let us not fail to go,
If it lead to fame and glory, or "Benny Havens, oh!"

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Their names shall sacred to us be for deeds done long ago;
For they are graved with gold and red on azure blue, you know;
And as on us their mantles fell, our gratitude we'll show,
By life remembrances of them and "Benny Havens, oh!"

Genial Barbour, brave Mudge and Inge, oft went through drifted snow,
To have an hour's pleasant chat, and make the *spirits* flow;
Clay, Crittenden, and legions more, could never give a NO,
When asked to share the friendly cheer of "Benny Havens, oh!"

Did Ringgold's flying battery e'er make its aim too low —
Did Duncan's ready howitzers e'er fail to reach the foe —
Did Canby brave, or Custer bold, e'er dread Modoc or Sioux —
Because of *dark* or *moonlight* raids on "Benny Havens, oh?"

From Nevada's hoary ridges, from stormy coast of Maine,
From lava beds and Yellowstone the story never waned;
Wherever duty called they went, their steps were never slow —
With "ALMA MATER" on their lips, and "Benny Havens, oh!"

Their blood has water'd Western plains, and Northern wilds of snow,
Has stained Sierra's highest peaks, where piercing winds e'er blow;
Has dyed deep red the Everglades, and deeper still, you know,
The sacred Montezuma shades and walls of Mexico.

But now the soften'd summer winds come whispering to us low
That HE of whom we oft have sung, Death's hand lies on his brow!
These granite hills surrounding us, by sun all set aglow,
To THEM, are guardian angels, and to "BENNY HAVENS, OH!"